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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1947.

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RACE TIPS

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Jackie
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Toolie
Outsider: Kelly

Hervey Bay Handicap
(1st Section) "C" Class
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Crown Wings
Flying Wheel
Outsider: National Congress

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(1st Section) "D" Class
One Mile

K'm
VJ Day
Royal Commission
Outsider: Thunderbolt

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Outsider: Jeep Lee

Hervey Bay Handicap
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Avalon
Speedway
Shanghai Beauty
Outsider: Happy Valley

Warwick Farm Stakes
(2nd Section) "D" Class
One Mile

Peggy
Sovereign
National Hero
Outsider: Jinx

SHANGHAI RIOTS SPREAD AS RICE PRICE JUMPS UP

Shanghai, May 9.

Hungry for rice and angry at the government wage freezing programme, Shanghai Chinese today staged a wide variety of riots, strikes and sit-downs. Owners of rice shops, contending they had been insulted by comments on their high prices, retaliated riotously.

The demonstrations, intermittently in progress for several days, stepped up sharply as the continuing inflation pushed the cost of China's basic food farther out of reach of the average person.

Owners of most rice shops refused to open despite a promise by Mayor K. C. Wu of better police protection.

One shopkeeper was arrested for firing a pistol at a mob. Other shops were bombarded with stones.

Three hundred rice sellers extensively damaged several non-food stores because they said the proprietors had called them "rice worms."

The same epithet was attributed to a radio commentator, and the rice dealers assaulted the manager and damaged the police station.

Employees of another radio station called a sit-down strike.

Two thousand lost and found workers in the former French concession took a day off for a parade.

Seven thousand machine shop workers and 1,500 in the silk industry also demonstrated.

Police reserves surrounded the city hall where the Mayor conferred all day and into the night with various protesting groups.—Associated Press.

Business At Standstill In Le Havre

Le Havre, May 9.

Business activities were at a standstill today in this port city of 150,000 population as all tradesmen closed down their shops in protest against the government's planned economy.

Places of business carried posters explaining, "Our protest is not against consumers. We are demonstrating for our economic liberation and in favour of ending a regime of corruption, ineptitude and ruin."

Several thousand demonstrators attended a meeting in Exposition Hall here to cheer speakers demanding the return to freedom of commerce and relaxation of restrictions on business.

The demonstration is a one-day protest. Shops will reopen tomorrow.—United Press.

TRAIN BLOWN OFF TRACKS

Georgetown.

British Guiana, May 9.

A train was blown off the track by dynamite and 3,000 railway sleepers were burned during the strike of 1,300 men at the Demerara Bauxite Company's railroads at Mackenzie, it was learned here today.

The train was carrying non-unionists to work at the bauxite mines. None was reported to be injured in the derailment.

Damage exceeding £4,000 was caused.

The first ship to load bauxite in 18 days arrived at Mackenzie on Thursday.

On Wednesday, 23 days after the employees had struck work, armed police were on duty at the Mackenzie headquarters of the company following the stoning of the houses occupied by European staff and the wounding of the negro train driver by shooting while taking dump-cars to one of the company's mines.

The company had resumed production with the aid of non-union labour.—Reuter.

GOING TO THE LONDON ZOO



The smallest of the three pythons which Capt. C. H. Gates, of 3 Commandos, is presenting to the London Zoo, is seen above being fed by the owner with a rat. The pythons are on their way to London by the mv Calchas.

GERMANY:

Informal Overture By Russia

Berlin, May 9.

An informal overture by the Russians for the economic and political unification of Germany, a problem the Foreign Ministers were unable to solve at Moscow, came today in an editorial in the Soviet Army organ, Tagesschau.

The editorial, commemorating the signing of the surrender by the Germans to the Russians two years ago, said Germany's serious economic difficulties could be solved "by quick establishment of an economic and political unit." This would also mean the establishment of central administrations for agriculture, industry, transportation, finance and foreign exchange, it said.

This was interpreted as the first move since Moscow by the Russians towards economic unification, for which the United States and Britain have been striving. Qualified observers believe the Russians may be afraid their hopes of US\$10,000,000 reparations can be realised only if economic unity is attained.—United Press.

Jews And Arabs Attend UN Political Committee

New York, May 9.

Higher Executive representatives together attended the meeting of the United Nations Political Committee study the Palestine problem.

White-haired David Ben-Gurion, Chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, who had just arrived from Palestine, was present.

The following draft terms of reference for the proposed fact-finding commission were introduced for discussion by the Political Committee:

1. The investigating committee shall have wide powers to ascertain facts.
2. It shall receive the testimony of representatives of the mandatory power, the Palestine population, other governments, non-governmental organisations and individuals.
3. The committee shall bear in mind the principle that independence for Palestine should be the ultimate purpose of any plan for the future of that country.
4. It shall prepare a report to the General Assembly and submit proposals considered appropriate for a solution of the Palestine problem.

STRIKE ENDS AT RENAULT PLANT

Paris, May 9.
The two-week-old strike of about 20,000 Renault automobile workers ended here today when the workers voted to return to work by 12,500 votes to 6,000.

The workers of the nationalised plant agreed to accept a three-franc per hour increase in "bonuses" for increased production, instead of the 10-franc per hour increase that they had demanded. They will return to work on Monday morning.—Reuter.

TRAVELLING "IN THE SOCIALIST DIRECTION"

London, May 9.

Generalissimo Josef Stalin told a British Labour Party delegation in August that he was gratified that both Britain and Russia were travelling in "the Socialist direction," it was revealed tonight.

The delegation's report, prepared for presentation to the British Labour Party's annual conference in this month, quoted Stalin as saying that Britain was going Socialist "in a roundabout British way."

The report said Stalin's view was that, though his country recognised that Socialism could be obtained by other methods than through the Soviets, they believed that theirs was the shortest, even if the most difficult way, and that it may be accompanied by bloodshed.

"Mr Stalin said he was glad to receive the assurance of the delegation that the British people desired friendship and understanding with Russia, but he felt it would be amazing if there was not friendship between the two peoples. That was particularly so now that we both had the same aim, achievement of Socialism."

"It was well known that the British people had feelings of friendship toward Russia, but it was not so well known that these feelings were reciprocated by the Russian people."

ADOPTED RIGHT LINE

"Mr Stalin felt that the Labour Government had adopted the right line in dealing with public ownership of basic industries first, but said he would like to know what were the dangers of reaction from political enemies of the Labour movement and from industrialists who were dispossessed as the result of Government's actions."

"He thought that as far as domestic reconstruction was concerned, there was and would continue to be the fullest understanding between the two countries and he felt that in international affairs there could be the same degree of understanding. Russia would welcome the opportunity of co-operation between our two peoples."

The report said that Stalin, in reply to a question, said he was surprised at Labour's overwhelming victory in the 1945 general elections. "He did not think that such a result was possible at the time," the report said.

The delegation comprised Professor Harold Laski, former chairman of the Labour Party, Mr Harold Clay, Miss Alice Bacon, and Mr Morgan Phillips, Party Secretary.

Another report prepared for the Party conference said Party membership had risen from 3,038,697 a year ago to 3,322,350, the highest number since 1926.—United Press.

GERMANFOOD PROTEST

100,000 Attend
Demonstration

Hamburg, May 9.

More than 100,000 Germans today gathered before the Trade Union Headquarters to protest against the food shortages.

The demonstrations were heralded by the union leaders as the biggest since Germany's capitulation.

All except essential service employees stopped work at noon to attend the rally.

Adolph Kimmersus, Chairman of Hamburg Federation of Trade Unions, appeared on the red-draped balcony to speak to the crowd. People filled the five-acre open area and overflowed into half a dozen neighbouring streets where they clustered around loud speakers.—Associated Press.

STOP PRESS

Telecom Strike In Shanghai

Hongkong, May 10.

Cable and Wireless Ltd. has advised that it is not accepting commercial messages for Shanghai due to a telecommunications strike there. Press and government traffic is still being accepted.

The strike took effect at 9 a.m. this morning, with workers demanding a 60 percent wage increase.—UP.

EDITORIAL

Preposterous & Insulting

AN advertisement that has been running in the press this week makes it unnecessary for the Salaries Commission to call for evidence in support of underpaid government servants. This arresting example of a parsimoniously-warped policy requests applications for the position of draughtsman in the Harbour Department. The starting salary is \$2,000 per year (plus 50 per cent. HCL) and after ten years the fortunate draughtsman can earn a maximum of \$375 per month (assuming HCL remains at 50 per cent. of basic salary). Qualifications are "extensive drawing-office and design experience with a reputable shipbuilding and shiprepairing establishment" and the candidate should be "well versed in ordinary ship calculations." Apparently the only accomplishment not required of this \$250 a month draughtsman is a working knowledge of the Indian rope trick. However, before our young draughtsman can lay claim to a salary that will enable him to live a bedeside in an overcrowded cubicle, he must negotiate an interview and examination in English, mathematics, shipdrawing, design, calculations and tracing. It doesn't mention what public school he should have attended, but in view of the indications that the search is for a "local man," it can be presumed

he would be a Hongkong University product. This is the most impertinent advertisement we have had the displeasure of reading for a very long time. Its impertinence rests not only in the miserly terms of employment, but in the suggestion that any reputable shipbuilding and shiprepairing establishment is employing young draughtsmen at \$2,000 a year or less. It is presumed that the vacancy is regarded by the Government as an "improving" job; in fact, a career, because it envisages a "minimum" ten years' engagement, at the end of which the draughtsman will be between 40 and 45 years of age. Coming at a time when it is officially recognised that pre-war basic salaries are meaningless and nonsensical, this attempt to engage a qualified draughtsman at a basic \$175 a month is preposterous and humiliating. Is the Treasury, or whoever is responsible for this atrocious, completely insane? We suggest that the highest Government authority orders an immediate revision of the advertisement, and that the salary offered is commensurate, not only with present-day living costs, but with the professional qualifications demanded by the position. Any appointment under the existing terms will provoke a far-reaching public scandal.

British Relations With Nations Of Soviet Sphere Better

London, May 9.

Foreign Office sources today described British relations with nations of the Soviet sphere of Eastern Europe as better now than at any time since the end of the war.

Diplomatic circles expressed the general belief that the satellite nations, observing the serious nature of the Anglo-Soviet treaty and trade negotiations, were following Moscow's lead in an attempt to close the breach between Eastern Europe and Britain.

In the wake of the Moscow trade and diplomatic negotiations, British discussions on outstanding problems with Poland, Yugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia are now either in progress or slated to begin shortly.

The Foreign Secretary, Mr Ernest Bevin, on his recent visit to Warsaw, obviously was impressed by the developments which Whitehall officials described as "marking the Polish government more acceptable from the British point of view."

These include the lessening of secret police activity, a genuine large-scale amnesty for political offenders—Polish reports said 55,000 have taken advantage of it—and advantageous terms to hitherto anti-Warsaw Poles abroad who decide to return home.

The latter particularly is welcome to Britain in view of the severe economic strain imposed upon this country by its responsibility for 200,000 "Anders" Poles, who so far have declined to leave England on grounds that they would face political reprisals in their homeland.

ANGLO-POLISH RELATIONS

The improved Anglo-Polish relations have paved the way for a \$150,000,000 trade agreement under which Polish foodstuffs will be sent here in exchange for British machinery and manufactured goods.

The Foreign Office also revealed that a British delegation shortly will begin negotiations with Yugo-Slavia representatives in Belgrade on British compensation claims arising out of the nationalisation of British-owned property in Yugo-Slavia.

British relations with Yugo-Slavia have been extremely tried during the last year as a result of Anglo-American displeasure over Marshal Tito's Trieste manoeuvres and the Yugo-Slav shooting down of American planes.

Similar compensation talks will be opened soon with Czechoslovakia and Poland where Britain also has large claims resulting from the nationalisation of British-owned property in those countries.

Political observers pointed out that improvement of relations with Eastern Europe will strengthen Mr Bevin's position within the Labour Party, where the rebellious Left wing faction has campaigned for a British "foreign policy" independent of the United States.

Moscow dispatches today said the first phases of the Anglo-Soviet trade talks had concluded and quoted the British Overseas Trade Chief, Mr Harold Wilson, as stating that "Britain's prospects for very big trade with Russia are excellent."—United Press.

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KLIM!

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Elsie: Klim is powdered whole milk. It is checked many times in the laboratory. It is pure, safe—as fine a milk as money can buy. Doctors the world over recommend Klim highly for babies!



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Elsie: No. Your family never tasted such fine, delicious milk. Use Klim for every fresh-milk purpose. And, remember, with Klim, you always have fresh, safe milk immediately available! Try Klim today!

TAKE PURE WATER
ADD KLIM
STIR AND YOU
HAVE SAFE, PURE MILK

FIRST IN PREFERENCE
THE WORLD OVER

GETZ BROS. & CO.

Exchange Building

Hongkong

PAUL HOIT

Thinking Aloud

FOR a year now an inked and greying piece of paper has hung on the glass panel of the shop door—"No cigarettes. Sorry."

As Miss Sylvia Towashend Warner has sadly remarked, this looks even worse when seen from the inside—N. settagioC yroS.

For a year now, staring daily at this Black Mass of apology, there has been sitting an ageing lady known to her customers as Mame. She is small, grey, spectacled, and the knuckles of her hands are large and shiny, like blood-alley marbles. The shop smells always of bread and butter, and a snub-nosed little steaming alop a miniature paraffin stove, ready at all times to rekindle the tea-brew.

Mame does not like present conditions. They have taken away from her the dearest possession of her fading days, that sense of crisis with which, like a drug addict, she infused her morale once and sometimes twice daily. So dull these days for Mame.

Front of her customers are jolly with her and get nowhere. The cunning ones seek the secret of her trade, for it is well known that all tobacconists have codes these days.

Two knocks on the counter with a horn will produce a 20 in one shop while in the next it gets you nothing but a cold stare of disapproval.

Smart little boys, knowing this, will local codes to bona fide travellers at sixpence a go, thus: "See that one, third on the right with the higher pole? You want to cough twice and say you fancy Tudor Minstrel. That'll fix it sir."

But not with Mame. It was by accident I discovered the key to her heart and the drawer where she keeps the reserve supply of 20s. It was the first morning of the domestic fuel cuts.

"Like the old days eh?" I said. "No," said Mame severely. "At least then the black-out was official."

And she slapped down 20s. I have tried my calls since then as best I could by the occasional crisis of they have come along. The saw was a great help.

Once I went too far. Cheerfully I talked about President Truman's new statue in Greece and Turkey thinking that a fairly promising subject, but it didn't raise a packet. It had to be something tangible, like bread rationing on the black market. Even Mr. Max Infrator would only be worth ten.

Then there happened the affair to Dad.

During the year of calling I had grown to know that Dad was a

retired market gardener in his 60s, a redoubtable old individualist much worshipped by Mame. During the winter Dad, I could tell, was falling. Each mention of him introduced a new symptom. His peaceful end it was plain, hesitated only at the barrier of his intransigent spirit.

The other morning it was, I went in. The sun shone, people smiled. I couldn't think of any kind of crisis, but Mr. Bevin's loss of temper, and that, I knew, wouldn't faze even the cheapest of cigarettes.

"How's Dad?" I asked. Mame's voice rejoined. "Dad's dying," she said. "And he's still surrounded by floods." And she banged down 40 on the counter.

THE CHASM

WHEN a little boy of nine was accused of murdering another little boy of four in Port Talbot in Wales, he said to the policeman: "I won't do it again."

That one sentence is the chasm between boyhood and manhood. For when a boy says that, authority replies: "See that you don't." But when a man says that, authority replies: "I'll see that you don't."

SPENDTHRIFT

THE first lady of our stage, Dame Lillian Braithwaite, went the other afternoon to watch the performance of a young actress newly arrived in the West End whose brilliant performance in an ex-husband part has been the admiration of the whole profession for months now.

After the last curtain Dame Lillian went round behind to congratulate the young woman. "Oh! but Dame Lillian what a pity you had to come for a malinee. I was holding myself back, you know. We have to in the afternoons."

"Of course," I understand, my dear," said the Dame, adding gently "You little spendthrift you."

POWER COMPLEX

DR. O. P. CLARKE, of Worthing, has written to the Medical World to say how much he hates dogs. But I detect a curious tone in the doctor's hate piece. I don't think he hates dogs as much as dog-worshippers.

And there I am with him, for so many people keep dogs for the wrong reason. They keep them to flatter themselves, to give themselves a spurious sense of power. They like the cringing because it makes them upright, and the fawning because it makes them dispensers of happiness.

Some of them get to spelling dog the wrong way round when they think of themselves....

SIDE GLANCES

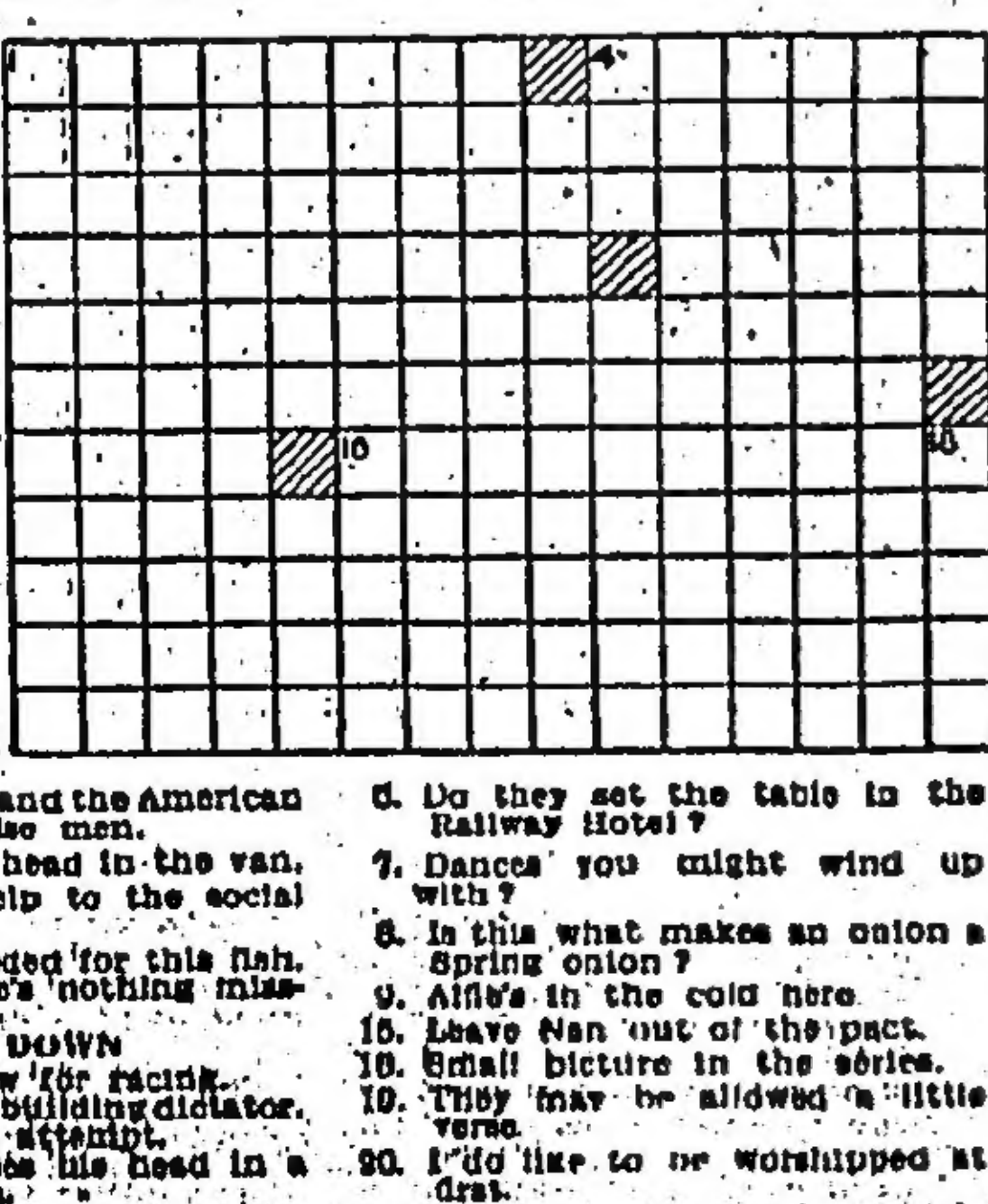
By Galbraith



"You know how a girl likes compliments, George—do you honestly think I'm as pretty as I really am?"

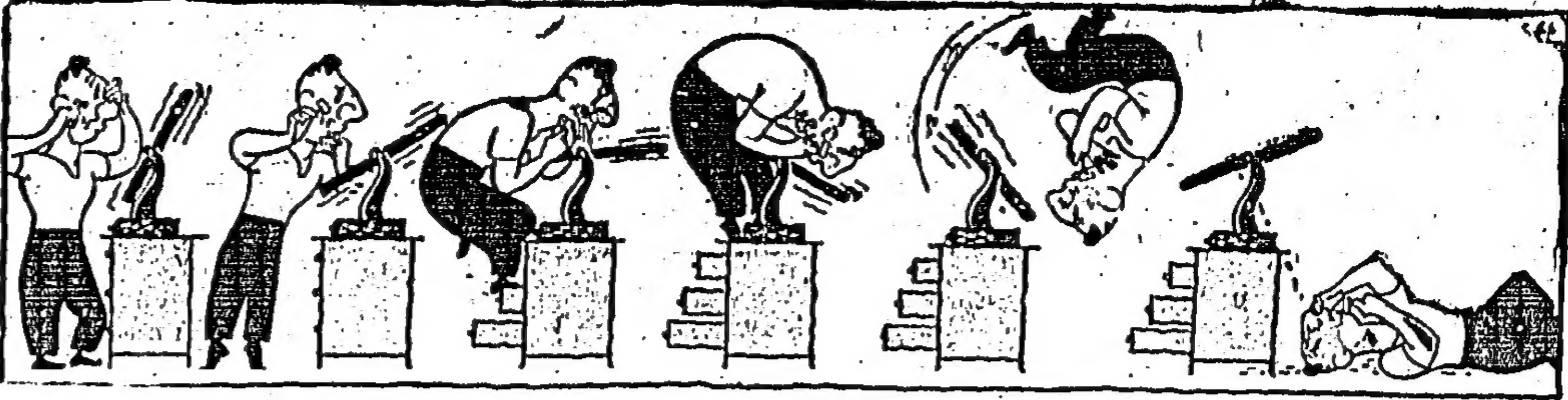
Skeleton Crossword

- ACROSS
1. Hasten to be
 2. In a cage
 3. Constabulary
 4. In a cage
 5. Apparent
 6. Hat rope for a change
 7. Estates lacking a proper
 8. Song of the land, may
 9. Miss D'Urban
 10. The man from Wals-
 11. I can't turn
 12. A piece of
 13. Whimsy
 14. The graduate and the American
 15. Peter lost his head in the van
 16. They're so help to the social
 17. No trap is deeded for this fish
 18. Close to there's nothing mis-



- DOWN
1. Do they set the table to the
 2. Dances you might wind up
 3. In this what makes an onion a
 4. Alive in the cold here
 5. Leave him out of the pack
 6. Small picture in the office
 7. They may be allowed a little
 8. I'd like to be worshipped at

THE PARKERS by HODGES



Monty's only son becomes an Army recruit



Firing on the revolver range at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire—Trooper D. R. Montgomery.

WHILE Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was criticising Army camps in the Southern Command recently, his only son, Trooper David R. Montgomery, was making his bed in an Army hut on the edge of blizzard-swept Catterick Moor.

David, 18, tall, and unlike his father except for the steely blue eyes, is one of 20,000 men at Catterick learning to be soldiers in his father's new Army.

He got his calling-up papers when he was at Winchester College, chose the Royal Armoured Corps, and wears the Monty black beret—but he will not be able to pin on it the silver tank badge of the Royal Tank Regiment of which his father is colonel-in-chief.

Field-Marshal Montgomery's own regiment, of course, is the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

After six weeks' preliminary training David Montgomery went to Catterick to carry out general military training to fit him to be a tank-driver-operator.

No bed lamp

With him are other public school-boys, apprentices, labourers, shop assistants and clerks who, like the field-marshal's son, were called up and left their jobs to become "National Servicemen."

Young Monty, as his new colleagues call him, sleeps in a wooden hut with 29 other young fellows.

If there were no fuel crisis the hut would be centrally heated by eight modern steam radiators. The men share lockers above their beds. They have no window curtains or bedside lamps, but each man has an iron bedstead with a mesh steel mattress.

A wooden dormitory hut in the Cromwell Lines, Catterick, is the Army home of Trooper Montgomery. The label (inset) with name and number is for his kit.

There is a bare scrubbed table on which they can write.

When Field-Marshal Montgomery visits Catterick he will find, as he would wish, that his son has no privileges. He is just Trooper Montgomery to the training sergeants and gets pushed around like anyone else.

In this democratic young Army, which Field-Marshal Montgomery has designed and is shaping, the only distinction recognised is merit. Every youngster has the same chance of becoming an officer.

When I saw young Monty he was shooting at the revolver range. He got a fair "card," but it was not so good as that of Trooper Len Willmott, of Wembley, who left the Royal Navy after the war in order to make a career in the Army.

"It is a good life if you are interested in it," said Willmott.

I asked young Monty how he liked the life.

"Quite well," he said, "but it's cold work soldiering just now." He told me that the Army did not come too strangely to him, because he had served in his school J.C.

"I do not think I shall make the Army my career," he said. "After my military training I intend to go to the university."

He intends to maintain his studies during his Army service.

"I have not definitely fixed on a career yet," he said.

Young Monty's "home" on the moors is five miles from Richmond and over 15 miles from Darlington, but Catterick is no longer the lonely wilderness many of the soldiers of the first world war knew.

Even Monty, when he visits the Northern Command, will find a difference. Largely it is due to the wise direction of the general officer commanding Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B.E., D.S.O., who has made camp amenities his special care.

"Young Monty" and the 29 others in his hut have no need to go out into the open to reach the dormitory bathrooms. When they get there they find none of the tin basins that another generation of soldiers knew, but porcelain sinks with hot and cold water laid on.

During his three months at Catterick young Montgomery will find the "home" life his father designed for the new Army.

Plenty Of Sport

He will have all the sport he needs, the choice of two camp cinemas. Most of the units, like the 57th Training Regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps, have their own cinema shows every night and a change of programme three times a week.

He can see a show in the Signals theatre and act with the dramatic society, in which the G.O.C. often plays, attend celebrity concerts, gramophone recitals, debating societies, and can study in rest and writing rooms.

David Montgomery leads the way through the snow to the range. Each man carries a "broken" revolver.

He will live, in fact, in a self-contained town, with its own shops, banks and churches and fish-and-chip shops.

It has even got coffee stalls, modelled on the old London type, which are brought out on to the main road junctions of the camp at night for the benefit of men returning to their billets.

Monty will watch with special interest the new Tank men. He will see new methods of training suggested by himself. He will see his own son learning the intricacies of tank radio in a classroom, in a model turret in the open, and later in a moving tank.

In his own son he will see Britain's new Army, and he will find at Catterick, as he did elsewhere, that the Army of today's all right.

Alan Brockbank

Seeress Sees Very Little

Even the crystal ball of "Madame Annabel Raynal, seeress," is hazy on the French political situation today.

It worked fine on "revolutions in many countries which may even lead to a complete world conflict" as forecast for the coming year. It could foresee the "death of a great English leader in a few months," but on the matter of the present tangled skein of French parliamentary ways and party shenanigans it "fogged," "faded" and performed all the little tricks such as the little glass balls are apt to pull off when faced with delicate questions.

Hoping to steal a march on experts wise in the ways of politics as they are practised in France, a United Press correspondent in Paris visited the dark-haired, plump little seeress and her well-polished "eye to the future."

Looking into "next year in the midst of her cluttered room, a dark-eyed Annabel cast her gaze in the globe the "death of another leader in Greece," "Willness of the American President" and reassurance that his "illness" would not be fatal.

But on the matter of the present situation in France—the position of Socialists and Communists together or individually—the eye of the future did a very unmythic fade-out.

Too Busy with Future

Annabel, wrapped in a greasy quilted blanket robe with red piling and tassels, maintained that she read no papers and had no political affiliations, being too busy "with the future."

Madame Raynal, hitching up her belt with its signs of the zodiac, stared into the crystal to see that Premier Stalin of Russia "would continue sickly but active for at least a year."

But when the subject of French politics was broached, again Madame's face darkened and shadows seemed to fall over the room; the little crystal ball with its pink ribbon around the base fogged, faded, jumbled and became watery.

There are some questions which even a well-trained crystal in the hands of a veteran seeress cannot be expected to answer.

THE MODERN POETS

CHORUS

Now through night's caressing grip,
Earth and all her oceans slip;
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day,
And the Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow-line.
Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep,
Just and unjust, worst and best
Change their places as they rest.
Awkward lovers lie in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields,
And the wealthy and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd,
And the losing gambler gains,
And the beggar entertains.
May sleep's healing power extend
Through the darkness to our friend,
Unpurged by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull, or horse
Or revolting succubus
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

W. H. Auden.

PEACE OR WAR, BRITAIN'S FUTURE, THE SOVIET WIVES, GOING TO CHURCH . . .

POLL OF RUSSIAN OPINION

Moscow, Apr. 20. WITH the Moscow Conference petering out unsuccessfully, it becomes more than ever fascinating to know what the ordinary Russian thinks about some of the difficult problems left in its train.

A poll of public opinion in Russia is, of course, impossible. Only the Communist Party has the resources to sample opinion over this vast territory inhabited by nearly 200 million, and there is no doubt that the party does.

However, I offer a little piece of personal mass observation without claiming more than to set down the views of the ten people, five men and five women, I polled.

The women were: 1, a Moscow University student, aged 18; 2, an hotel chambermaid, aged 38; 3, a housewife, aged 42; 4, a typist, aged 28; 5, a retired ballerina, age undisclosed.

The men: 1, a school teacher, aged 40; 2, a railwayman, 31; an actor, 45; a chauffeur, 27; and a private soldier 24.

None is a Communist, although of course, the girl student, who, incidentally, seemed the best informed of the lot, said she would like to join the party one day.

To my first question: "What will happen if this conference fails?" the student, the typist, the teacher, and

the actor said it would not fail, the teacher adding: "Something worth still while will be salvaged." The six clear-cut ideas.

My second question was: "Do you expect a major war within the next British Commonwealth?" the teacher said: "The Empire will dissolve and 15 years?"

The chambermaid said life would be hard. The others had no clear-cut ideas.

To my fourth question: "What, in your opinion, is the future of the United States?" the teacher said: "The Empire will dissolve and 15 years?"

When I said that Fascism in America seemed improbable, she countered: "Read Sinclair Lewis's 'It Can't Happen Here.'"

"They would call it 'Americanism,' of course."

My third question was: "What do you expect the state of the world to be five years hence?" The teacher, the actor, and the student said the U.S.S.R. would be the strongest country in the world.

The student said: "It can't be ruled out that Fascism will spread to some nations now democratic, and if it does we must expect they will attack us." She added that the United States might go Fascist, so might France, "Watch de Gaulle," she said.

"When the workers vote for Communism, then the Conservatives prepare to overthrow Parliament by force."

She thought the coloured races of the Empire would one by one drop out, leaving only 70,000,000 of European origin. "But with that you could become a splendid federation of 100,000,000 within a century."

The soldier thought the Empire would remain very much as now. He had read some stories of Kipling. He had not heard that we planned to leave India.

The ballerina said: "England, though diminished in power, will be a centre of art."

The chauffeur: "England will remain a great trader."

The typist said: "I know so little of England that my opinion is worthless."

The rest had no opinion. My fifth question was: "Do you think the Soviet wives should join their husbands in England?" Only the teacher, the ballerina and the actor knew of the case. The student said: "I would not dream of marrying abroad when every soul is needed here."

"When life is hard here and soft abroad—what a sort of women are they, do you think, who pine to emigrate?"

My sixth question: "Would you like to travel abroad?" brought these replies. The soldier said: "I have had all the travel I want."

The ballerina, the actor, the teacher, the student, and the typist said they would like to see other lands. The teacher asked if Britons were allowed to travel. "Up to the limit of £75 a year," I said.

The teacher countered: "If every Russian who wanted to travel was allowed to take that many roubles out each year it would cost our country many billions."

"We could only afford that if we had a huge tourist trade of our own."

The seventh question was: "Do you practise religion?"

All except the student, the teacher, and the soldier said they had gone to Easter Mass, but went to church only once or twice a year. Yet the chambermaid said: "My sister was a nun. I am a faithful churchgoer."

By ALARIC JACOB

Britain become a small, pleasant country like Sweden.

The student said: "At the moment it seems you will become part of the United States, but if the workers in Britain and the Dominions assert themselves you could become a prosperous, independent federation of States."

She thought the coloured races of the Empire would one by one drop out, leaving only 70,000,000 of European origin. "But with that you could become a splendid federation of 100,000,000 within a century."

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EVERY SATURDAY

WOMANSENSE

FULL-PAGE FEATURE

Hair goes to the side



Sketched by Battersby

RECENT shows of advanced hair-styles suggest that the coronet, top-knot and cottage-loaf styles are being rivalled by styles with elaborate side-swept curls or rolls to balance the sideways tilt of new hats, especially the big Gainsborough type of hat.

Left: A new asymmetrical trend. The hair is parted at the side and swept to one side in high curls. The rest of the hair is

colled into a rope and tucked under the curls. Antique jewelled rings highlight the coil of hair.

Centre: An upswep style for brunettes, in which white silk parachute cord is unravelled and plaited to form a thick coronet resembling white hair.

Right: Asymmetry is allied this time with a topknot hair-style: gold and coloured cord is tied round smoothly built-up hair so that the tassels fall behind the right ear.

Jill Morrison's Advice to Teen-agers

Giggling won't give you poise

POISE is probably what teen-agers envy most in grown-ups. With poise you're able to do all the new exciting things you're looking forward to without feeling nervous.

But at the moment you don't seem to be able to do anything without feeling self-conscious. You can't get away from the feeling that people are watching you, knowing that you're just getting launched, and waiting to laugh at your mistakes.

And when it comes to something important, like being interviewed for a job, you get quite panic-stricken. The boy hears his voice sinking to a mumble, or a defiant growl.

The girl gives what she hopes is a carefree laugh—meant to show just how much at ease she is—and it comes out as a nervous giggle.

You'll be helped over this worrying period if you have some idea how to tackle important occasions. So here are a few hints—

If you're having an interview for a job, try to realise that nobody wants to find fault with you. On the contrary, the person you're meeting will be pleased to discover your good points.

Look neat and clean—this goes for both sexes. Boys with clean collars but dirty necks, girls with a new hair-do but black-rimmed nails do not impress.

To steady your nerves before you go in, take several deep breaths. When you get in, don't fidget. If you're asked to sit down, say "Thank you," and sit right into the chair, not on the edge.

(Continued on Page 10)



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THE PRINCESS MAY CHANGE HER NAME

This intimate account of Princess Elizabeth is written by one who knows her well.

UNLIKE any of her royal predecessors, Princess Elizabeth has moved in the crowd while the King and Queen have been on the balcony. By this is meant that she has not placed herself upon a pedestal or occupied a position isolated or apart.

Except on essentially formal occasions, she has been like any of her social contemporaries; done the same things, met the same people and been to the same places. In part this is a reflection of the age in which she lives: in larger part it is a consequence of her own temperament and taste.

The tradition in which her grandmother Queen Mary was nurtured—and one which she has rigidly maintained—prohibits the Queen Mother to visit a public hotel, a night club or even a film unless it is first censored by one of her ladies in waiting. But the young Princess has wisely been allowed to live her life and pursue her chosen interests unhindered by any rules or restrictions other than those which any ordinary person would expect a young daughter to observe.

PERHAPS because royalty has through the ages given the court jester a high place, it is not surprising that Princess Elizabeth loves the music-hall above all else.

For the clown or a wisecracking quick patter artist she has a greater affection than for the prima donna or the ballerina or even the matinee idol.

In the domestic intimacy of the Palace when the family are alone, both Princess Elizabeth and her sister Princess Margaret (a superb mimic who uses her elder sister as a prop) show a surprising knowledge of who tops the bill and why. And when certain particularly popular music-hall turns are on the radio, public engagements which clash have been regarded as irksome.

Such fun properly belongs to her youth and must soon give way more to the obligations which will by virtue of her position press upon her.

A ball as a birthday celebration is for her, however, peculiarly appropriate. She has never consciously wanted to lead fashion in clothes

(though she has a weakness for imaginative hats); or to excel at games or even to display her horsemanship (which is of a high order). But she does hold decided views about dancing and in this she has led fashion by encouraging the reintroduction of the Scottish reels.

To do so she arranged for a group of friends to meet at the Palace every week to practice. The training was vigorous and precise. The Princess herself proved a hard but just taskmaster and invariably danced every reel while others no older missed a turn to rest and recover.

Her gaiety on these occasions had the same carefree spontaneity as that to be found at any Palais de Danse gala night.

A SUDDEN change in her way of life is not expected. But change—even though gradual—is inevitable. Technically she is the Heir Presumptive not the Heir Apparent to the throne. But from her 21st birthday she is by law eligible to rule without a Council of State, or a Regent.

Will she be given a new name? This is a matter of some constitutional importance. Her title as Princess is a courtesy one only, and in terms of the Peerage she ranks as a commoner.

The Welsh would like to see her made Princess of Wales. But this is not possible. Nor could she become either Duchess of Cornwall or of Chester without possible legal complications, for both these titles belong either to the Sovereign or to the Heir Apparent when Prince of Wales.

There remains the Dukedom of York, which was borne by her own parents. Should she become Duchess of York then her Consort—when she marries—would be granted the same precedence. There are, of course, other alternatives, and the discretion of the Sovereign is absolute.

To fit herself for the succession she will be allowed, in keeping with the traditions of her upbringing, a wide freedom.

Already she has her own rooms at Buckingham Palace, and this provision will enable her to entertain her friends privately. But the creation of a separate household will not be long delayed. In the event of an early marriage, a separate establish-

Something to make you forget the weather: a glance with PATRICIA LENNARD at the

Spring Hats



The tricorn



Mushroom beret

LOOK out for the tricorn; with the first sunny days of spring, it will replace the bowler, winter's fashion, as favourite hat for the season.

Versions of the tricorn and topknot hats—hugging the back of the head and tilted to the side—occur more frequently in recent spring shows than those of any other shape.

News, too, is the fact that hat brims, large and small, are being fringed on the inside with other material.

SIDE TILT

Felt brims are lined with straw, straw brims with velvet, and all tilt gently to one side and down, aided by drooping flowers or fruit or feathers though actual quantity of trimming seems more restrained than last season.

Big hats follow the south-west-north-east line off the face, are lovelier than ever in straws, shaped like an artist's palette stabbed with two huge straw hatpins; or in felt, the brim stabbed by three long pheasant feathers, one of which is round with and outlines the brim; or made of layer upon layer of stiffened tulle or organdie in, for example, shades of grey, the lightest shades lying on top.

NEW IDEAS

Even the tricorn flares to unsuspected breadth: familiarity makes it the only possible hat for a black town suit.

Ideas, pretty as well as original, include a huge flat classic beret, stabbed with hatpins in coarse natural straw, and a bundle of natural raffia tied across the crown of a natural straw hat.

Mushroom berets reappear in fine white straw, smothered in poppies, leaves and birds, or crusted with gilt applique, or sewn with gems or palmettes.



Egyptian touch



Artist's palette

Now, too, is the Egyptian-looking cloche that goes back and back in tiers either in felt or else in alternate rounds of straw and felt. Little straw bonnets bound in felt—one in coarse shiny pink straw is bound in black felt—will appeal to youngsters, and so will the platters of fruit or feather-tips or the roses, tied under the chin with veiling.

GIRL GUIDES GO INTO LIGHT BLUE



The new Girl Guide uniforms were shown in London recently. Replacing the old dark blue outfit is light blue blouse, navy blue skirt and beret.

As an alternative uniform a light blue dress is to be provided as soon as possible.

Grandchildren Rally Around

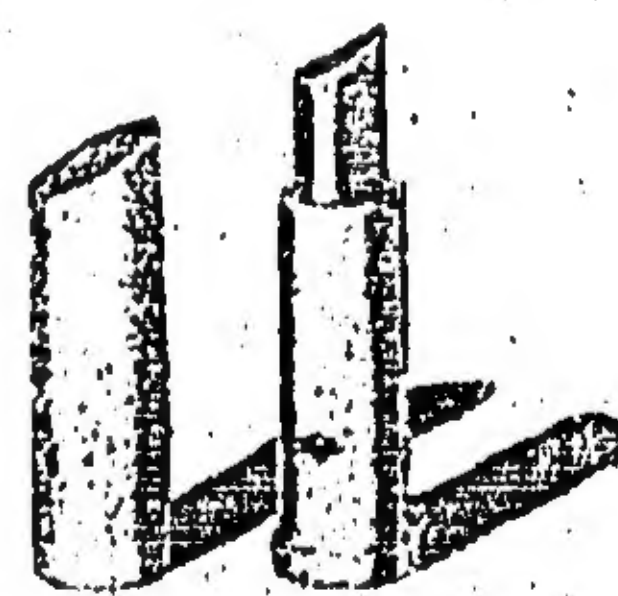
Fifty-one sons, daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren gathered to celebrate the 55th wedding anniversary of Mr and Mrs Frank Cook of Pittsburgh. The family group included 34 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.



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TAKE CARE OF THE WAIST

By PRUNELLA STACK

(Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, Director of the Women's League Of Health and Beauty)

IN previous articles in this series I have stressed the importance of good posture and explained the way in which it can be achieved by learning how to breathe correctly, how to relax and how to train different parts of the body so that they may combine into one harmonious whole. To-day I want to consider a very important factor in health and figure training—the Waist.

This region of the body is composed of many strong bands of muscle, with but a few bones; therefore it is capable of much extension and movement. In youth these qualities are evident; but all too often, later in life, the waist stiffens up and an unwelcome "spare tyre" appears, which restricts free movement and gives an appearance of age and heaviness to the whole physique. Then the altness and suppleness of youth is lost.

This need never happen. By regular daily training the waist can be helped to maintain its natural freedom of movement until quite late in life.

In sitting, standing or walking the ribs should always be kept in a state of slight expansion, as though raised above an imaginary line drawn round the waist. Breathing exercises will do much to help to achieve this effect. It cannot be accomplished by stiffening or raising the shoulders, or by holding the breath. You will get the "feel" of it if you stretch your arms high overhead and become conscious of how the ribs are then automatically lifted out of the waist.

Here are some exercises for the waist which should be practised each day, if possible.

Side-Bend

From a straight standing position bend to the side with one arm falling down the leg and the other sliding

up below the armpit. Return to starting position, then bend to the other side. Take this eight times, stopping in between the sidebends, and then sixteen times swinging from side to side.

Waist-Roll

Kneeling, with the knees apart, feet together and hands on the hips (thumbs forward). Bend the body forward as far as you can go without overbalancing, then make a complete circle round—to the right side, back-bend, to the left side, and down to the forward position again. Repeat, circling to the left side. First, four times alternately.

Waist-Stretching Lying

Lying flat on the floor, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Stretch the right arm upwards along the floor behind your head, as though you were trying to touch something just out of reach. At the same time stretch the right heel downwards along the floor, so that the whole of the right side of the body is stretched. Repeat with the left hand and heel—sixteen alternately. Try not to hollow the back unduly.

BY SPACE SHIP TO THE MOON

By Chapman Pincher

A PLAN to launch a space-ship to the moon as the highlight of the International Exhibition to be held in London in 1951 is to be submitted to the Government.

The idea comes from 35-year-old Mr. Wernett Kennedy, the constructional engineer who designed the model space-ship in the "Britain Can Make It" show.

ON what facts is this idea based? A man-carrying rocket capable of covering the 500,000 miles of the circular tour to the moon and back could be built now. And there are men willing to pilot such a craft.

All that is missing is the money to back the research and to finance the expedition.

A space-ship to do the journey on liquid fuel—a super V2—would be as big as the Queen Mary. It would cost millions of pounds. It could only be built as a Government-sponsored project.

As a straightforward scientific experiment this is never likely to happen. But there is growing evidence that rocket-driven space-ships for extreme altitude flight will be built for military purposes.

In Britain there are hints that part of the £20,000,000 the Government is to spend on rocket development in the next three years will go into space-ship experiments.

Such vehicles if produced as national necessities on top priority could certainly be available for scientific moon exploration attempts within ten years.

These first trips would be planned for close observation of the moon's surface in flight. The technical and medical difficulties associated with landings on the moon might take longer to solve.

Mr. Kennedy bases his optimism for the 1951 space-ship on the untapped possibilities of atomic energy.

A SPACE-SHIP powered by atomic fuel might be quite small. It would not need to develop the super-speeds of rockets, which have to generate all their momentum in the first few moments of flight.

Recently, U.S. technicians fired a V2 to a record height of 102 miles. By special mechanisms they kept it in the air for 11 minutes.

Such facts bear the same relation to future rocket flight as the 40-year-old reports of the Wright brothers' experiments bear to aviation today.

FACILITIES FOR COLONIAL STUDENTS

Colonial students in Britain already number nearly 3,000, and only temporary lack of accommodation both in colleges and hostels limits this figure.

It is now proposed to provide further hostel accommodation in London, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Glasgow and Cardiff; but strong efforts are being made to find private homes for these students. For it is the general policy of the Colonial Office that, wherever possible, students from the Colonies should live and work in the same conditions as Britain's own students, rather than be segregated into permanent hostels of their own.

There is an extensive organisation in the United Kingdom for the welfare of these people from the Colonies. It deals not only with students but with all classes of men and women belonging to the Colonies—those serving in the Armed Forces, civilian war-workers during the war, and merchant seamen.

Welfare Department

This Welfare Department is in charge of an officer formerly of the Colonial Administration Service in Africa, who is also Director of Colonial Scholars. Before the arrival of students, he examines their academic qualifications and arranges for their admission to suitable universities and other institutions. They are met on arrival, and accommodation, ration and clothing books are arranged.

Usually settled in a hostel in the first place where they can get advice as to conditions in Britain, they are later found suitable lodgings if it is not possible to accommodate them in the University or College.

The Governments of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Malaya and Hongkong also have their own liaison officers. A woman liaison officer has been appointed for women students from West Africa, and close touch is kept with the colonial governments with regard to the progress and welfare of their students.

ROUND THE EMPIRE with Pateman



(Answer to Puzzle on Page 10)

The wonderful world of tomorrow Is mass production killing progress?

by ANDRE LABARTHE

who has been in the United States and Canada studying new inventions

PEOPLE have often said to me: "How marvellous are those American machines. They do everything, simultaneously."

But now that I stand before them I cannot work up any delirious admiration.

Near Albany, capital of the State of New York, I visited a huge factory.

I went by car through the great workshops, between mighty cliffs of compound machines, which in one operation, turned, milled and drilled, whereas in the past each of these operations required a machine.

Only 10 percent of this factory consisted of one-operation machines.

They can only do one job

I was shown at Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Cincinnati many machines of all-work — machines that wait for a bar of iron and then give it the imprint of their teeth to make a connecting-rod of a certain size.

They repeat the same movements, day and night. They can never be re-educated to make something else. They can only be stopped and scrapped.

And yet they are supposed to be masterpieces.

They are terrifyingly stiff, pitiless as an executioner. They let pieces of metal fall, one after another, on a moving belt, and that is all.

If you said to them: "You cut 10 cogwheel teeth 84 times in 24 hours, and that's very good—but I want you to cut 32 teeth, 42 times in 24 hours" they would not understand and would reply:

"If your whims lead you to chop and change you'll have to go else where. I can't cope with a boss who changes his ideas."

And so, to avoid being ruined, the manufacturer becomes the repeating robot.

When he has set up a huge mass-production plant he becomes its servant.

AT Cincinnati I went to see the designer-engineer of special machines which American industry orders when it cannot make them itself.

"There is nothing to stop me designing an enormous machine which would swallow sheet-iron, girders and blocks of steel at one end and spit-out motor-cars at the other," he said.

He showed me a compound machine making cylinder-heads for airplanes.

It milled and polished the flanges till they were as thin as playing cards. It dug the recesses for the valves, it drilled the holes for the sparking plugs. It turned the joints. It carved out the interior passages of the gas chamber.

It did all this all by itself. Moulded metal went in at one side and the finished product came out at the other. But it could not do anything else.

It could carry out, simultaneously, dozens of complex operations; but it could not drill a single ordinary hole to order.

It was liable to join the ranks of the unemployed at the first small improvement made in the type of cylinder-head.

The proud young man's machine

As he described it to me the young man became prouder and prouder. It had cost more than £25,000.

Yet the dinosaur machine could not be adapted to new technical advances. More than that—the length of time it would take to pay for itself was a brake on progress.

"The piston-type air engine is in danger. Soon the jet engine will supplant it. Your machine is a giant built on sand," I told him.

"Will that machine have time to pay for itself before the crank-and-connecting-rod engine fades out?"

"It was designed for the war," he replied.

"But the war's over," I said. "It caused technical progress along new lines. Does not your conception of mass production, which cannot follow the fluctuations of the market or take advantage of the advances made by creative imagination, lead to industrial impotence?"

"Before launching a new mass-production machine it is carefully thought out."

"Never sufficiently," I reminded him.

"Only mass production provides huge quantities of high-quality articles at a low price," he said.

"Yes, but sometimes an invention that simplifies production can make prices lower still—of condition, of course, that it is adopted," I stated.

"As your multiple machines become more and more complicated, and as they cost more and more to make, they take longer and longer to pay for themselves. Don't you realise that progress and this type of production cannot be reconciled?"

The engineer was silent for a minute. Then he said: "That's not my job. I am paid to make machines to order."

Where is it leading us?

THE machines that constitute the mass-production tool are tending to impose unified and stabilised tastes on the world.

People say: "Those Americans! They make 10,000,000 copies of the same button or the same gramophone record."

But have people not been asking for years why we still make disc-type gramophone records?

And why a symphony or a concerto has to be cut so annoyingly into slices, when it would be so simple to record a whole work on a single film rolled on a single reel, or on magnetised steel?

Where is mechanical philosophy going? Is quantity the enemy of progress, production of inspiration?

Is our mechanical civilisation which is bringing to an increasing number of people the comforts and conveniences produced by an increasing number of machines, falling a victim to a stiffness of the joints, to a kind of paralysis—almost a cancer?

To manufacture the world of tomorrow needs a lot of horsepower and a lot of drivers.

They are a tough lot these drivers. You don't find them enjoying life with their friends. It pleases them to be alone, deciphering balance sheets.

It is their delight to be known as the makers of things, pioneers of plenty, known to a whole nation of factories simply as "Bill," "Charlie," or "J.D.R." and, finally, as the sum of their achievements, to have their biography published.

When war broke out the American Government employed them for its most important undertakings. From the beginning of 1943 they constructed and equipped 1,749 new factories which cost the State £2,000,000,000.

Magic words to them

To them the words "free enterprise," "competition," "emulation" are magic words; the word "nationalisation" seems a germ akin to infantile paralysis.

A hundred large American companies divided between them 82 percent of the total war production. Four companies alone took 21 percent between them.

The Wall Street Journal, which spreads the gospel, announced that during the war the small technical firms had vanished in a proportion never equalled before. Coachdrivers do not like to be bothered by people pushing handcars.

BETWEEN 1900 and 1941 American produced machines to a total of 1,000,000,000 h.p. On the day of Pearl Harbour orders had been made for cars to the value of £1,000,000,000. In July, 1944 contracts exceeded £2,000,000,000.

The production drive was organised by William Knudsen, of Danish birth.

A motor-car magnate, he belonged to the great race of "Ellis Island Boys," who, 40 years ago, had launched forth into the dollar jungle after a stay of some weeks at Ellis Island.

Another of this aristocracy built the factories. He was Albert Kahn. At the age of 40 he had designed £500,000,000 worth of factories. A year after the attack on Pearl Harbour he died.

The third on our list, Edward Johnson, fought for the control of high precision manufacture, essential to mass production. He died in September 1943 at the age of 70.

He became the main authority in the U. S. on minute measurements, on the calibre of gauges and micro-meters.

Four other men—Henry Krueger, Lee Benson, Ed. Hunt, and Dave Wallace—became known as kings of the machine tool and arms manufacture.

The famous Jeep (which owes its name to a contraction of the initial letters of general purpose, "g.p.") was developed by two engineers—Barney Ross and Sydney Harrington.

You can see these heads of industry wherever output is sold.

Their yachts were all alike, built for old men with white hair and platinum teeth who catch flying fish on golden hooks.

Grass-combed golf courses

Their villas are also all the same. The lists of their possessions are subjoined to their biographies. Their golf courses are all alike—the holes are cleaned with the Hoover and the grass is combed.

They all have mansions with colonnades.

They are like Asiatic despots. They sit in marble chairs, pressing buttons their followers grouped behind them. They make and unmake fortunes.

They sometimes travel with their polo ponies. They love little animals.

The slightest scratch is treated with iodine and penicillin. They drink milk till five o'clock and other drinks for the rest of the day. They play poker. They read the comics, flirt aimlessly, and on Sundays, in some other millionaire's home, pull their shirts out over their trousers.

To them man is an interchangeable part, something that can be multiplied like a screw. They are the beams or the props.

They find charm in the word Fortune, but they make a Calvary out of the thing itself.

It is pointless to interview them.

Their particular brand of snobbery consists in establishing the greatest distance possible between their origin and their ultimate achievement.

They have all had their "chance" and taken it. Their mother has always been their guiding star. They have never failed in anything—except in human matters.

A plane to 'amuse himself'

Recently, when visiting the Douglas works, I came across a man 68 years old trying out a DC 3 which he had had fitted up for long-distance travel with beds, kitchen, wireless and television.

He took photographs of it with his cine-camera and toyed with the mechanical and optical devices of the plane.

I asked him why he had bought a plane.

"To amuse myself," was his reply. "As a child I never had any toys. Now I can buy the best!"

Now that success means comfort and luxury and boredom through loneliness, for a fortune isolates.

It's fun finding out about TAPESTRIES

By Bernard Wicksteed

ONE hundred and forty-four French tapestries worth £4,000,000 between them are now on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where the Britain Can Make It Exhibition was held. Because I know nothing about tapestries I thought this would be a good opportunity to go along and learn. If you feel like joining you're welcome.

The man we'll get to take us round is Mr. Wingfield Digby, the Keeper of the Department of Textiles at the museum. He's an old hand at this sort of thing, and takes a shooting stick round with him so that his feet don't get tired.

In the first room we come to there's a set of tapestries that's nearly 600 years old. Apart from one other in France and a few fragments in different places, these are the oldest tapestries in the world.

They used to hang in the cathedral at Angers, but about 200 years ago they were pulled down because people thought they were old-fashioned.

There wasn't a single bid when they put up for auction, so the tapestries were cut up for their material. Some bits were made into blankets for monks and the rest used in a green-house to keep orange trees warm in winter.

Market price

FOR a hundred years they were treated in this fashion, and then a public-minded Frenchman bought up all the bits he could find and gave them back to the cathedral. There should have been 90 sections. The Frenchman traced 71 and paid 300 francs (then about £15) for the lot.

It is hard to say what they would fetch if they were put on the market today. A quarter of a million pounds would not be a wild guess. If you look at them closely you will see lots of little holes. Don't blame the moths. They were left there deliberately by the weavers 600 years ago, and by the time you can see what they give the effect of shading and lines.

The colour that has given most trouble is black. The dye was made of iron, and over the centuries it has completely eaten away the wool that it coloured.

That's why there are no inscriptions. They were there once, but they were done in black and now they've disappeared.

We will now move into the next room, and right opposite to a tapestry that is more than 15ft. high and 20ft. wide. Perhaps that doesn't sound much, but just think of it in terms of work.

There are 18 strands of wool to the inch and, as near as I can make it, 17 of linen warp. So in the whole tapestry there must be some 13,000,000 turns of wool round the warp. And it was all done by hand.

How long did it take to make? Mr. Digby reckons that four weavers working hard could have done it in four years.

The tapestry makers used to specialise in different branches of weaving.

One man would be an expert on costumes and another on trees and landscapes. There were varying rates of pay for different parts of the pattern. The highest paid all was the man who wove the faces.

Peace tapestry

ON the wall opposite this huge tapestry is a smaller one with the word "paix" repeated all over. Paix is French for peace and at the time there seemed good reason for working this into the pattern because it was made to celebrate the end of the Hundred Years War, when no one but a few centenarians had any idea what peace was like.

Now, when we walk along and look at the Legend of St. Stephen, which is full of innocent fun, there are ten panels in the set and they run up one side of the corridor and down the other.

First you see St. Stephen being appointed a deacon. He goes out

into the wicked world and runs into trouble right away because he insists on talking about Christianity to a gathering of Jewish doctors. Soldiers arrest him and he is stoned to death.

Three panels later the body is exhumed perfectly preserved. A woman possessed of the Devil comes into the story now. She will only get rid of her affliction if St. Stephen's body is taken to Rome.

A plot to deliver it at the wrong address is foiled by three mules, who refuse to move the hearse. Finally the saint is buried in Rome, and in the top left-hand corner you can see the woman kneeling in prayer while the Devil leaves her. He is a nasty little red thing; about two inches high.

This tapestry was made for a French cardinal, but afterwards sold because the canons thought it didn't give a true picture of the known facts.

Light interlude

NOW we'll pass on to a set of four called "The Noble Life," the most charming of which is a lady having a bath in the middle of a field.

She has on a hat and a necklace but nothing else. Ducks are swimming in the overflow, and also in attendance are rabbits, partridges, falcons, two musicians, a woman offering her something to eat, another who seems to be trying to sell jewellery and a man with a large cake of soap.

It's quite obvious that what she really wants is a bath towel, and she is clapping her hands to get silence so that she can ask for it.

After this light interlude we will move to what I think is the most lovely gallery in the exhibition. It contains six tapestries devoted to the worship of one woman. She is the central figure in them—tall, slender and extremely beautiful. She has been dead for 400 years now, but there's something about her that still lives on in these tapestries.

When they first became known they were hanging in a French chateau and their early history has been lost. But students have placed clues together and decided that the girl was a young widow named Claude le Viste and that the tapestries were commissioned by a man she afterwards married.

They are called "The Lady with the Unicorn," but who designed them and who the weavers may never be known. Their market value? Anything from half a million pounds up.

I saw it done

AND now I've just noticed how the time has been going—or should I say, how it has never gone beyond the 10th century and this exhibition goes on to the present day.

In fact, it really goes into the future because in the final gallery there are two French weavers at work on tapestries they won't finish till 1949, by the look of it. I saw them first on a Monday and again on a Saturday, and in that time they had each done a piece about the size of your hand.

But before we break up let's ask Mr. Digby to sit on his shooting stick for a moment and give us a few words about tapestries in general.

In the Middle Ages he says, tapestries were more than just decorations. They were used to keep the draughts out in chilly halls and castles. You could also hang them up as a byword for a large room into several smaller ones.

Every well-equipped baron carried a few tapestries around in his baggage so that he could rig up a pre-fabricated home-from-home at each stopping place.

For medieval tapestries contained few colours, but by the 18th and 19th centuries they had become almost "oil paintings" in wool and silk. At one stage the weavers were having to work with 20,000 different shades of colour, including 528 tones of pink.

Now they are back to bolder designs and fewer colours. The cost of a modern French tapestry? From £200 to £400, according to size. But don't order one without seeing it first. Some of them are rather surprising.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

THERE is at present no truth in the rumour that I have been offered the post of public relations officer to the Tourist Catering and Holiday Board.

However, in an advisory capacity I am ready to place at the Board's disposal my experience as an inmate of English hotels. Meanwhile I should like once more to call attention to the Marine House, a veritable home from home for Continental ladies and gentlemen in search of comfort, haute cuisine, harmless fun and pleasant society. Marine House has been redecorated and the telephone apparatus is in bright green, and a new yellow revolving door seems to invite the discriminating to enter without fear.

In passing

EVERY excuse was made for the M.C.C. team except the one made for all other British sportsmen—that they suffered from malnutrition. I do not know how they came to be ignored in the recent heart-rending prayer that our athletes should get extra rations. Surely a man's mother would willingly send a portion of her child's rations to

some poor little heavyweight boxer, or to some pale centre forward, so that we could stand up to the Madagascan Rovers.

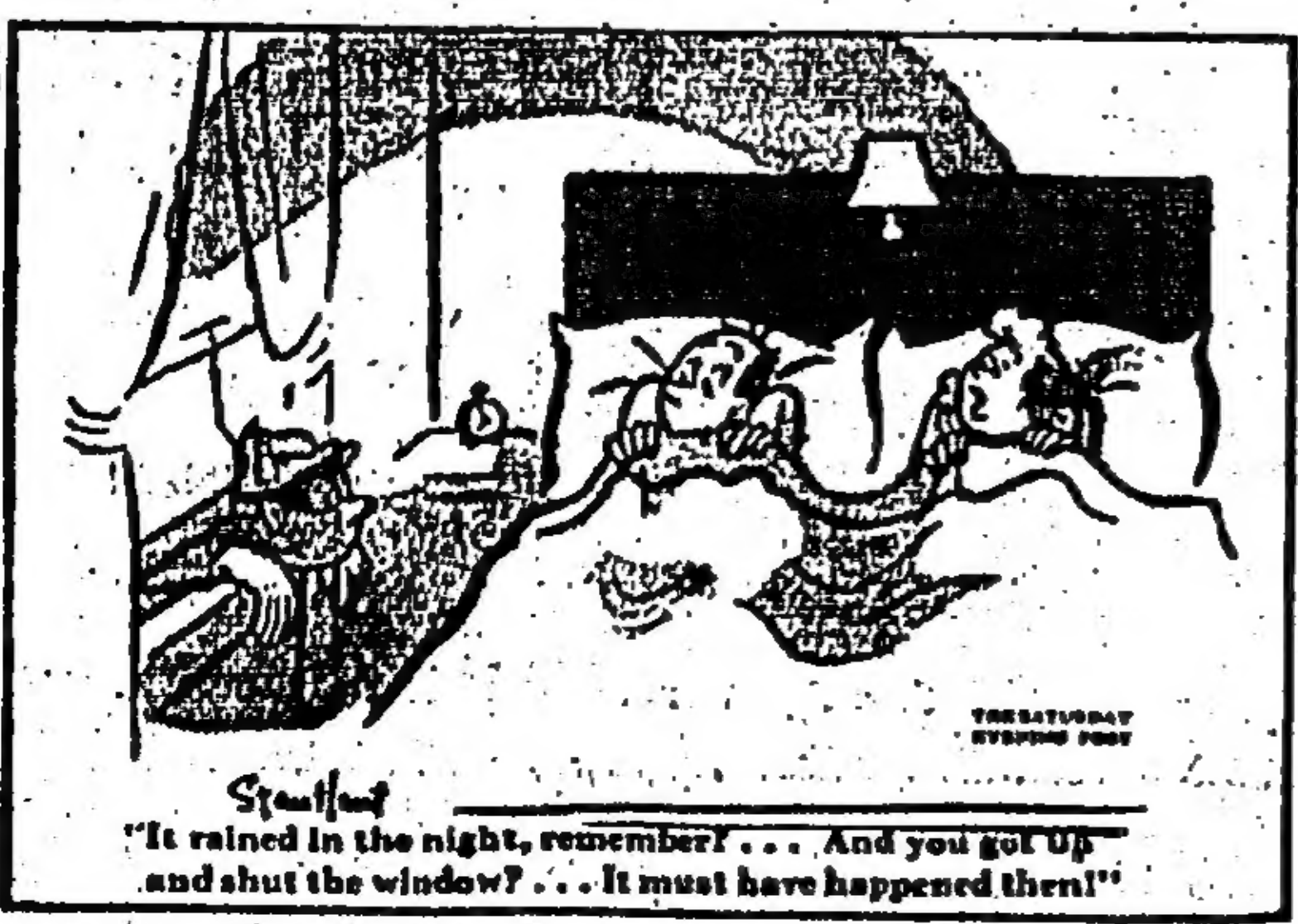
Good old horse

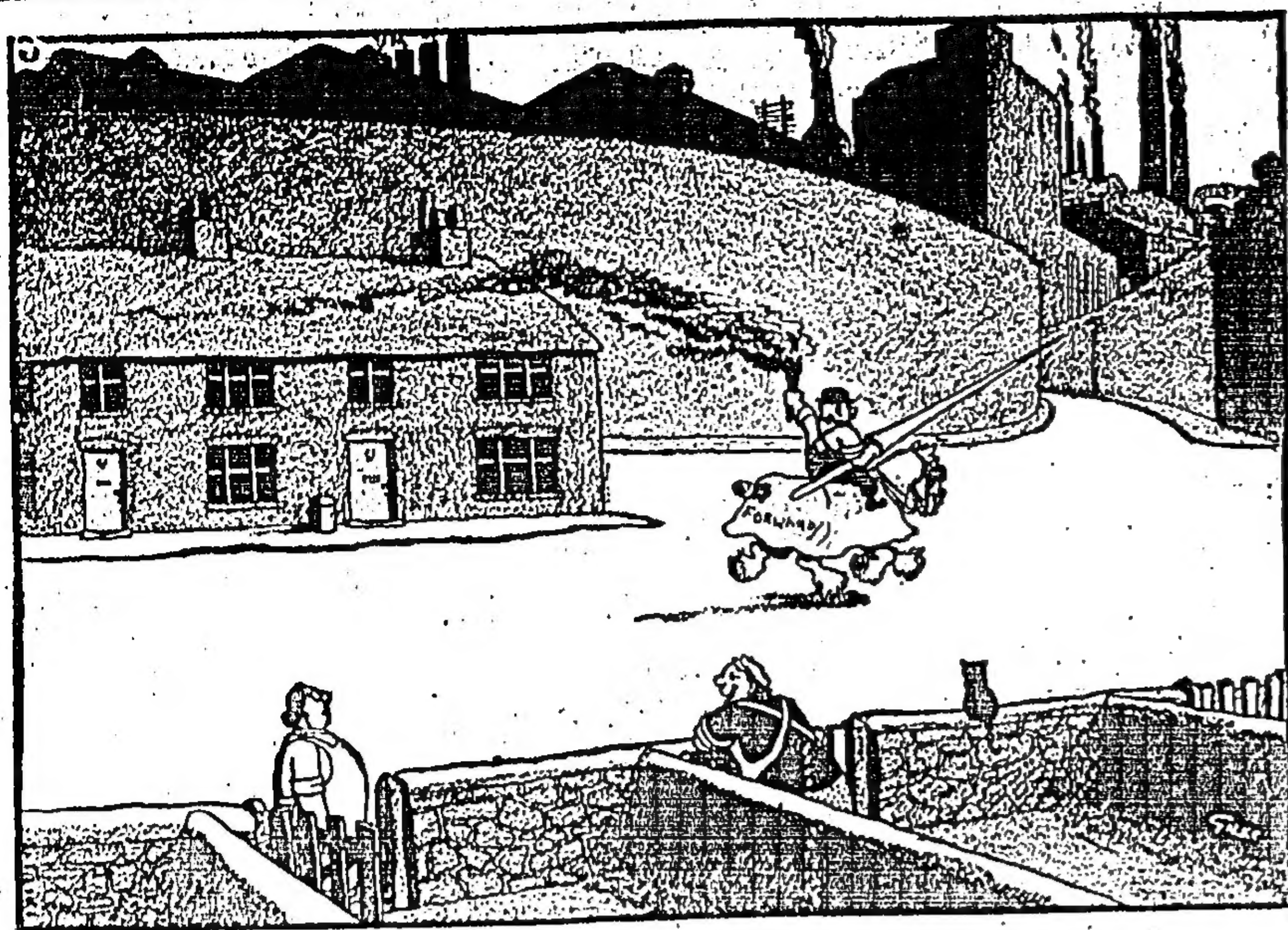
THERE has been in sporting circles some talk of a horse that was 10 years old before it won its first race. And several 16-year-olds are now in training, according to a sporting writer. I suppose the oldest horse to win a race was the 29-year-old Gamble, owned by King Montchicour, who was my hostess many years ago at Azay-le-Rideau. One day I betted her, I could beat it, but I lost by about ten yards over a mile. Gamble was bought by this grand old lady from Sir Thomas Lipton.

Dr. Rhubarb's corner

Molly V. writes: The top floor lodger pulled me under the mistletoe the other day, and, crying, "Wolcher, me old pudding!" ruck a bit of holly in my hair, and poured a little brandy over my head. He threatens to do it again today. Will the law protect me from this sort of thing?

Dr. Rhubarb writes: No. It is called the festive spirit. Take a spoon to yourself, and enter into the joke.





"There goes that funny Mr. Smith—got some idea about accepting the challenge, taking up the sword, speeding production and all that."

Sahib Smith has had it LEAVING INDIA IS NO EASY PROBLEM

SMITH SAHIB, pillar of the Planters' Club, stares into his chota-peg as it might be a crystal; Jones Memsahib, on some obscure verandah, thinks of England and wines.

The Colonel Barasahib, of the Ramakhanna Rifles, looks sombrely across the hot hills and sees nothing but the dismal shadow of approaching Cheltenham.

They have had India, every one.

India now moves with searing speed towards June 1948 and her destiny. Six thousand miles away from what they still call home the sahib and the memsahib, the box-wallah and the broker have not much time to make up their minds.

Take as many people as live in a country town—Horsham, say, or Aylesbury—and scatter them casually over as much land as lies between London and Istanbul. Moscow and Madrid. That is to say, sprinkle 45,000 souls among the 2,000,000 square miles and 400,000,000 inhabitants of India, and there you have what is left of the Great Commercial Raj.

Today, with 14 unpredictable months to go before India returns to the Indians, they are faced with about the first personal problem India has ever offered them.

Nobody Knows

Ask me how, in hard fact, the readjustment is to be made and I can't tell you. Ask them, for that matter; they don't know either. India is approaching her historic climax down an endless series of blind corridors, groping from dilemma to dilemma, from fear to fear. Nobody really knows what will happen.

Take that most English of Indian institutions, that most Indian of English ideas, the Indian Civil Service. For generations it was the last word in impartiality—discretion; now it is grumbling its head off. It is of keystone importance to the administration of the country, but of all minorities it is the most minor.

You remember how it astonished John Gunther, that peripatetic American, to find that the I.C.S.—the "steel brace of British rule"—contained exactly 591 Englishmen. There are even fewer now.

Even at this late stage the 500 or so British I.C.S. men—deputy commissioners, district magistrates, judges, and so on—do not know what is going to happen to the functions they have filled with such peculiar distinction for so long.

They know broadly that they will have the choice of retiring on proportionate pension (it can be anything between £1,000 and £2,000 a year), or of continuing in office under the new regime.

Practically none fancy the second alternative. They have been set-

ting up a cry—dignified, polite and rarefied, but nevertheless a cry—for compensation for "loss of prospects." And the Indians object.

It is thought that the British Government will make a statement on the question.

Britons wait

THE rest of the British community, who have to make their own plans, are waiting for some sort of political hint that will give them their line.

Certain facts are clear. There will be no revulsion of feeling against the British when India gets independence. On the contrary, a free India will look to Britain with growing confidence and comradeship. The Attlee declaration of the deadline made every European potentially popular overnight.

By JAMES CAMERON



All things being equal, the British business man would stay on, as business always will when there is money in it.

The new Budget proposals, however, have rocked him tragically. Not only him, but all Indian industry. The Congress Party, reluctantly and with embarrassment forced to come into the open and champion the Big Business which supports it, got Liaquat Ali Khan's son-the-rich proposals whittled down.

Business shaken

EVEN so, commerce and manufacture are going to face 50 per cent taxation from next year on.

That has done far more than political rhetoric to shake the big British agencies in Calcutta and Bombay and start them making Quit India a personal matter, which they never did before.

The smaller people have already been getting out quietly over the past year; all bought out by Indians at a good price.

The Englishman whose money is in a shop or some property that could go up in smoke at the fling of a torch has decided that there are going to be too many torches.

The tea gardens are still largely British—Assam, the old master-racers will tell you, is the only White Man's Country left, simply because they never would teach the Indians how to plant tea—but even there Indians are buying in where they can, offering good jobs to white technicians.

There are few skillful Europeans in India who could not remain if they wanted to. They are apt to feel, as the I.C.S. do, that working as aliens, without the magic of the Raj around them; in a country of such unpredictable political moods, would offer too many problems.

For the rest, who are the British? There is the Army; its problems are different; it is not included in the 45,000, and like the I.C.S., is waiting for directives that never seem to come.

Teachers leaving

THERE are missionaries—very few, and their position will not noticeably be altered. There are the school mistresses, perhaps fewer than 1,000.

At present the schools are recognised by the Department of Education; it is doubtful if this will continue. Most English school-mistresses are booking their passages.

All this adds up to one thing: indecision. The European Group in the Legislative Assembly, the minority body which speaks for the British in India, is distracted and harassed by a considerable responsibility.

It wants to give clear-cut advice to the English; either stay or go. It is reluctant to say so; at this tense moment in India it would almost certainly be misunderstood, cause alarm, disrupt shipping home which is already chaotically over-full anyway. And now, not trusting the situation, it is doubtful about saying stay.

There have been bad troubles in India; there are troubles now. But a white face has been a safe-conduct through most disturbed areas.

The final situation has not been reached. By early next year at the latest Britain has got to hand over power to somebody. Nobody yet knows exactly to whom.

One side or another is going to raise a storm, and for the first time since the Cabinet delegation was in India last year that animosity may be directed against the British. Nobody pretends there is no potential danger.

At this moment consultations are going on all the time with the Viceroy—though they are scarcely to be spoken of—that a plan may be laid on, an Operation Exit on the files, an organisation of ships and trains and planes that can go into action at short notice.

And I, trying right now, know that quitting India is a heavy sight harder than staying.

Under control

THAT leaves only the business end to be wound up. The British Government still has some stake in the country apart from its soldiers and civil servants.

At this moment its assets fall into these categories: capital assets created by wartime industrial expansion in India, and such other capital assets as hospitals, stores, workshops, offices, camps.

These have been acquired by the Government of India on payment of 50 per cent of the capital cost—so far about £110,000,000. The rest will be taken over on terms to be discussed.

Everything is under control, everything is an orderly and businesslike basis. Everything should be set, when the day comes, for the biggest transfer of Governmental authority in the history of the world. So long as nobody throws that torch.

Dublin is feeling the pinch

DUBLIN. THE Customs officer at Liverpool landing stage looked at me incredulously.

"Did you say 'butter,' sir?" he asked. I began to think I might have made a mistake. My friends had told me before I went to Eire this time that they would appreciate my bringing a little butter. So I declared my half-pound to the Customs.

The officer must have thought I was being facetious for he didn't trouble to examine it—just gave me a patronising smile.

Vanished steaks

But I had not been long in Dublin before I realised that my friends were justified in their request. The City of Plenty has changed.

Gone are the gigantic meals of steaks and chips, ham and eggs, luxury lunches and dinners of numerous courses.

Eire to-day is facing her greatest crisis since partition. Main trouble is fuel, but there are other things which have suddenly brought this land face to face with realities.

Instead of drawing in the belts gradually as Britain did, the Eire Government have had to give them a sudden jolt which is bewildering most of those who thought that no economic crisis could ever hit their country.

The future for the Dublin housewife is black. The fuel crisis has reached a stage far graver than England experienced. Mr. Shinwell is being asked to send more coal. Unless they get it the gas company will have to cut off the gas altogether.

All Dublin homes have to plan their meals so that the cooking is done when the gas is switched on—at present from 7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m., 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 7 p.m.

By PHILIP GRUNE

You may get the odd steak here and there, but not with fried potatoes; you can get roast beef or pork, but not with roast potatoes. And with almost every dish you choose there is some restriction.

Gone are the plums of stout, large whiskies and sodas, yardlong wine and cocktail lists. It is common now to be told half an hour after opening time that there is no more stout.

Bottles of Irish which could be bought at controlled prices over the counters of public houses have disappeared, and even the nips are now under the counter.

No more pins are to be served, and with stout supplies steadily dwindling publicans are proposing to close at 8 p.m. instead of 10.30 p.m. In some areas they may stay closed all day and open for the "regulars" at 9 p.m.

Late meals after the show or in the early hours of the morning are a thing of the past. Gas goes off at 7 p.m. and only the big hotels which have alternative means of cooking can serve a limited number of non-residents. The queues at most of these places are longer than any seen outside London restaurants and cafes.

The mid-day meal is just as bad. Gas is on from 11.30 a.m. until 1.30 p.m. That does not give much time for all the workers and visitors to get their lunch.

No coal is permitted for domestic use. The only means of heat is wood and turf. Wood is hard to get because there is so little in Ireland, and now the ration of turf, which was despised by most housewives when the use of coal was prohibited early in the war, has become by half. The little they get is practically useless.

The bad weather which caused our own fuel crisis, affected Eire just as badly. Eire's turf was swamped in the bogs and waterlogged in the huge dumps which line the road through Phoenix Park. The remnants which are being delivered to Dublin homes crumble at the touch and so most households go cold.

Dole queues

Meantime, industrial concerns are getting rid of labour. The gas company have given notice to 1,100 employees unless big supplies of coal arrive.

From all industries the dole queues grow longer and there is cold comfort for the unemployed for the future.

But they look to Britain to help them: "The British Government do not fully realise the gravity of our position," says Mr. James Larkin, member of the Dail and secretary of the Workers' Union of Ireland.

"Candidus" Reports From Taxmania

[In the land of Taxmania, anything can happen. Recently, "Candidus" made a flight to this monarchy, and while there he was able to listen to the following speech delivered by the King of Taxmania to his subjects. Thanks to "Candidus", retaining his shorthand notes, we are able to reproduce, verbatim, a report of the historic address. It follows:]

MR President; Gentlemen—I thank you very warmly for the cordial manner in which you have welcomed me here tonight. I am deeply sensible of the fact that such an almost overwhelming expression of your friendship and co-operation is a tribute to my Government. At the same time, such a happy atmosphere would not be possible without those co-operative suggestions which have been placed before my advisers during the past few months from your inspiring body.

To me, and to my Government, this evening's gathering, so fully representative of the progressive Taxmanese school of thought (a school upon which the Government depends so much for guidance and advice) will live long in my memory—indeed, in the memories of all thinking citizens. It is one of those moments in life—perhaps I should say "official life"—which cement the foundations of social and economic solidity and concord, without which the best of man's schemes fail. (Loud applause.)

FIGHTING THE PLAGUE

DIFFERENCES of opinion are, of course, natural. Without them a community would become sluggish and inarticulate. Healthy and constructive criticism is as essential to the body politic as it is to the body mortal. It is not only symptomatic in itself, but what is more important, it reveals early symptoms, which when dealt with sympathetically and sensibly, lead to a contented and trouble-free state, but if ignored, may set up a cancer which may undermine and even destroy the very constitution itself.

I have referred to the body politic—that visionary essential in the conduct of administration which stretches into the invisibility of eternity. Unfortunately, to the short-sighted—the invisibility of the future is apt to be treated as a mere fiction. If the world is to be made a happier sphere, it is for us, gentlemen—to so plan the present, that disaster and dissatisfaction will not exist amongst the nations of the future. (Applause.)

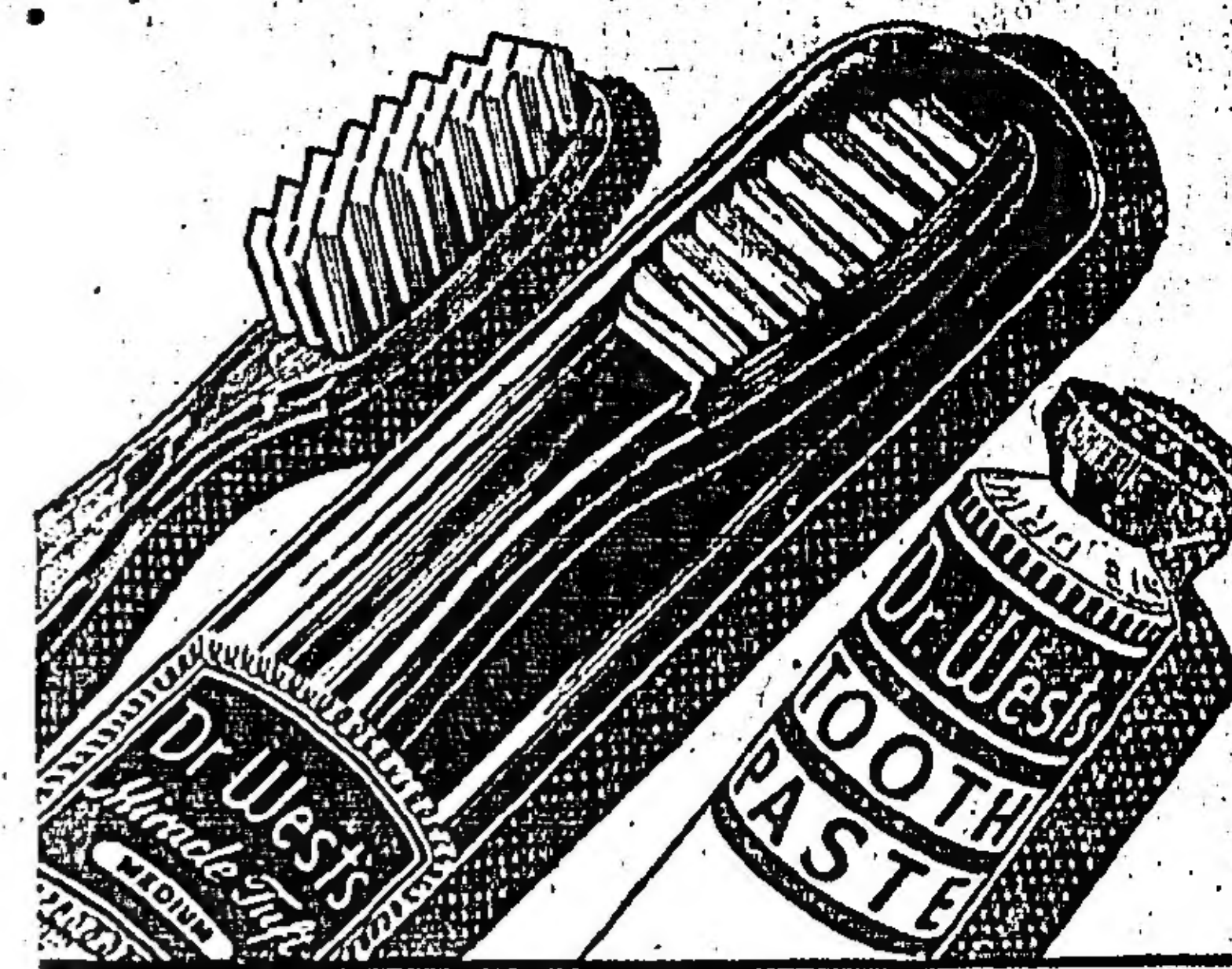
Taxmania has suffered a very grave illness, and very few of us escaped the consequences. A plague in the physical, material and economic senses. As soon as the foul germ of aggression was conquered, it became necessary to discover the means to combat not only the physical but economic deterioration. Complete restoration—and nothing less than complete restoration—is necessary, and happily we have the means at our disposal to ensure such. It is owing to you, gentlemen, that Taxmania can now look forward to a happier and more efficient state of affairs.

SIMPLE REMEDY

THE remedy is indeed a simple one, although never palatable. It is commonly known as taxation. There is, however, no known substitute. One either has to take it willingly and progress on—like the naughty child—have it forced upon one, and complain.

When the form proposed was labelled Income Tax, there was so much opposition on the part of the potential patients that it was decided to seek a different formula and, furthermore, to give it a more attractive label. Fortunately the result will be the same—in fact it is confidently anticipated that it will produce even better results. (Applause.)

Your new label bears the name "Trading Licence" and the desirable fact about the new form is that none will object to taking the new medicine. Doses vary—which is another excellent reason for satisfaction.



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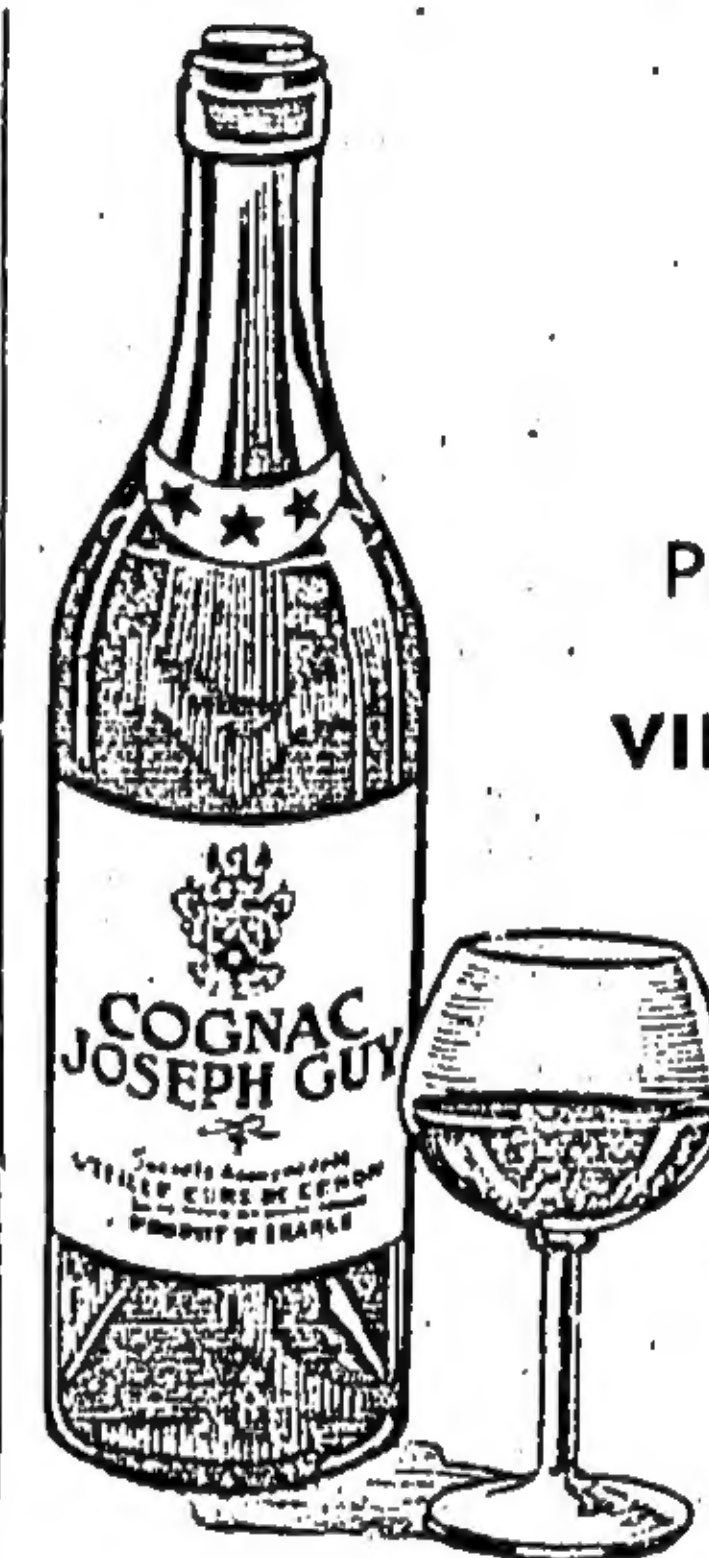
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SOLE AGENTS

Wife Who Was Treated Like Submarine

The wife of a naval commander who, the judge said, was "inclined to treat her as if she were his submarine or his crew," was granted a decree nisi recently on the ground of cruelty.

She is Mrs Muriel Geraldine Johnson, of Dolphin-square, S.W.

Mr Justice Finnermore said her husband, Lieut.-Commander Francis

Nelson Blois Johnson, R. N. R., of Dane-road, Seaford, Sussex, who denied the charge of cruelty, had given excellent service in the submarines.

If he had thought a little less about the Naval mess and more of the wise way in which to treat a wife, the marriage in 1941 might have had a different history.

When the National Anthem was played in the middle of a wireless programme he expected Mrs Johnson to stand up, and said: "If that was not done in a Naval mess, you would soon hear about it."

Mrs Johnson, the judge added, had complained of her husband's domineering and bullying nature, of his extremely bad language to her, and one or two cases of physical assault.

"Wash-Out"

Small incidents day after day might well mean cruelty.

In the beginning Lieut.-Commander Johnson did not treat his wife as a man would do if he wanted to keep her affection.

He had referred to her as a "wash-out," and said she was obstinate, self-willed, idle, defiant and neglectful. Yet, after the parting, he said the most charming things possible of her when he was trying to get her to return.

The wife's health had been seriously affected by her husband's treatment.

The judge dismissed the husband's case, which alleged desertion since 1943.

SPORTS FEATURES

UNITED STATES EXPECTED TO WIN 1948 OLYMPICS

BY BOB MEYER
United Press Staff Correspondent

London, Apr. 23.

United States' athletes will capture the lion's share of first places in Olympic track and field events, with Sweden running second. This was the opinion of a majority of spokesmen polled in a United Press survey recently.

Most authorities believe the Scandinavian nations will dominate the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in February, 1948, and the majority was against permitting Germany and Japan to compete in the Olympic Games.

Some sources listed Swedish chances in track and field events above American chances. "Others qualified their predictions by selecting two or three countries who will fight it out for top honours, naming first in most cases, 'the United States and Nordic countries.'"

Only one source named Great Britain in a favourite's role. The recent announcement that Jamaica and Trinidad will enter their own Olympic teams appeared to have robbed British hopes of two star runners, Arthur Wint and Emanuel MacDonald Bailey who reportedly will compete for their native teams.

A prominent London sports columnist recently predicted that Great Britain will not win one single first place in Olympic athletics (track and field).

On the specific question of "Which six runners will finish at the top in the Olympics 1,500 metres racing?" sources were unanimous in naming Sweden's Lennart Strand, Rune Gustafsson and Henry Eriksson in the three top positions, dividing their remaining votes among Gil Dodds of the U.S.A., Marcel Hansenne of France and Holst-Sorensen of Denmark.

WHAT THEY THINK

Representative comments on various survey questions were: Dan Ferriss, secretary-treasurer of the U.S. Amateur Athletic Union—"I believe the U.S. will win the most places in track and field competition at London with probably Sweden next, although I suspect that England will surprise a lot of people. The U.S. will be weak in distance running, but we should score our most points in the sprints, the relays shot put, pole vault, high jump, all hurdle events plus possibly the broad jump."

Col. Fritz Erb, press chief of the Swiss Olympic committee—"I am convinced the Swedes have the best chance."

Rudolph William Seeldrayers, president of the Belgian Olympic committee—"It is too early to give a definite answer, but the best-equipped nations for track and field events are the U.S., the Nordic countries and Great Britain."

Dr. Edgar Fried, Secretary-General of the Austrian Olympic Committee—"The U.S. should win with the snapping of a little finger. No other country can compete successfully with superior American athletes in track and field events. With the exclusion of Germany and Japan, no one can match American technique and talents. But in winter sports the decision will lay with the Scandinavian countries."

Karl Diem, German member of the International Olympic committee—"The Swedes will be a close runner-up to the U.S.A. team."

VIEWPOINTS CLASH

Views were sharply divided on whether Germany and Japan should be invited to compete in the Olympics.

Diem—"Absolutely yes. The Olympics have nothing to do with politics. We don't want to press the Olympic committee for an invitation but all nations should be invited."

Seeldrayers—"They should most certainly NOT be allowed to participate."

Erb—"Germans and Japs should not be accepted."

Ferriss—"About a year and a half ago the United States' amateur leaders were dead set against the Axis nations participating in the 1948 Games, but that feeling has warmed to such an extent that it is highly possible that U.S. leaders might vote either way if the issue came up."

Diem told United Press recently that Germany is going ahead with plans for training her Olympic athletes. Schools of thought on this question break down into two main parts:

A. ANTI-VIEWPOINT—Why should the youth of other nations compete against former enemies who recently sited them along rifle barrels and now want to run and jump in conviviality? Some of Germany's current crop of athletes

undoubtedly were Hitler Jugend and were imbued with hatred for non-Germans and a belief in the "super race." And the last Olympics in Berlin turned into a political demonstration by A. Hitler, who didn't know the meaning of sportsmanship.

B. PRO-VIEWPOINT—Politicians have no place in sport. Besides, the best way to shatter the superman idea is to treat German athletes fairly and square on the field of sport. And, undoubtedly, some German athletes would win Olympic events—there is no reason why they shouldn't—thereby aiding German morale and making occupation and rehabilitation easier. If Germany is not invited, many Germans always will harbour the belief that "our athletes could win Olympic events but other nations were afraid to give us a chance."

OTHER CONTROVERSIES

A United Press survey showed that there are other controversies in the sports world:

1. Broken Time Payments. (The problem of whether athletes should be reimbursed for time lost from regular employment.)

This question must be answered before the 1948 Olympics unless there is to be bad blood between nations over the amateur status of national teams. Briefly, the viewpoints stand as:

Sweden: "We will continue to pay our athletes for time given to sport."

Britain: "We are against it, except when athletes must compete abroad and thereby lose much time from work."

U.S.A.: "We are flatly against it."

France: "No."

Russia isn't officially committed but it can be assumed the Soviet strongly advocate broken-time payments because they represent a step in Russia's direction, which is to pay athletes cash bonuses for breaking records, winning championships etc.

PROS AND AMATEURS

2. A Open Tennis competition. The question of whether to mix pros and amateurs into one tennis competition is getting more and more attention. The opinion is briefly:

Pros—"We are for it."

Public—"We would like to see it."

Lawn Tennis Associations—"Horrors! What a thought! Why should we pollute our ranks by exhibiting professionals who take money for playing the gentlemen's game? It's as badly as a circus sideshow, this thought."

Don Budge, one of the foremost exponents of open tennis play (he even suggests an Open Wimbledon) told me recently that the U.S.L.T.A. is more conservative on this idea than the British L.T.A. "There are a lot of old men who want to control tennis and keep it as it was 25 years ago when they were playing," he said.

British L.T.A. member recently whispered in my ear:

"Please don't use my name in this connection, but actually I am not against open competition. But it would shock my colleagues if they knew it. It would take five years to make them see this viewpoint even if began working on it now."

That is only a slight sampling of what current sports controversies are but it's enough to make sports leaders do some deep thinking in coming months and years if they wish to keep international sports on a basis of agreement and friendship.

—United Press.

Who would be a boxer's wife? Wives of heavyweights Joe Baksi and Bruce Woodcock who figured in some legalised manslaughter orders as strictly as their menfolk. For several weeks Mrs Baksi lived in London while her husband was at his training camp in Brighton. She was not allowed to telephone her husband—not even to wish him luck before the opening bell.

However, she seemed to understand: "It's a quiet life," she told the Press. "But I'm enjoying it. I go to the movies, or sit on a bench

in the park in the sunshine. I'm having a real holiday."

Meanwhile, in the other camp, Bruce Woodcock's 23-year-old bride of a few months Nora, was having an equally lonely time. People asked her if she was going to watch her husband fight. "See Bruce fight?" she said. "I've never seen him fight yet. He won't let me. But I shall be listening to the radio."

Even that experience was painful enough for most hardened British fans.—United Press.

One man I am waiting to see is Warwicks' new professional, ex-Corporal Britchard of the New Zealand Brigade, who, they say, is going to be the outstanding fast bowler of the present time.

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Arthur Fenil says.

SHIRK after pocketing a red faced cue-ball on the brink of the pocket and touching the cue to play away from the touching pink without moving it which looks like a possible violation of the rules.

NO ESCAPE is indicated in the pocket of the cue ball, but the general rule, which applies to all games played on a billiard table, is that a stroke is made by a player aiming at and touching his ball. Therefore, it strikes touching cue-ball with the tip of his cue without moving it, he has played a foul stroke and leaves opponent snookered by pink.

The question cannot show in the diagram, simple as it looks, is a great shot if you make it and leave the balls pinned as indicated. A little left side is helpful.

THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH—SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1947

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To-day's Happy Valley Meeting

Form Is Established. And Favourites Should Win Often

(BY "THE TURF")

With form now fairly well established, racgoers should be able to place the right bets at the Sixth Extra race meeting of the Hongkong Jockey Club being held at Happy Valley this afternoon. I confidently expect to see favourites dominating.

It is likely that several jockeys will have their first outings this afternoon since liberation days. Lt. Cdr. P. S. Francis, who has returned from his southern tour, will be in the saddle again, while another popular jockey who will return today is H. C. Pih.

It only needs to be added that first saddling bell will be rung at 2 p.m. Instead of the usual 1.30, and that first race will get away at 2.30 p.m.

Here is what I think of the fields and their prospects.

Mount Parker Handicap (Unofficial) Six Furlongs

The opening race of the day is confined to the Hongkong Services Race Club, and a close decision should be seen in this six furlongs event between Jackie, Mayfair (Pearson), Autumn Rose (Pearson) and The Undertaker (Crisfield). Jackie (Hodgman) carrying 160 lbs this time is long overdue for a win, but strong opposition should come from the other three ponies. I like Mayfair as this pony is now back in his form and a win for him is most likely. Autumn Rose and The Undertaker will also have a strong say. The Undertaker is a good outside chance.

Warwick Farm Stakes (First Section) "D" Class One Mile

This event is confined to "D" Class, 1st Section, and on judging the list of entries, I think that Normandy, with Rowlands up, stands a fair chance of winning, after running second to Flying Wheel in the half mile 170 yards, at the previous meeting losing only by a neck. The next three best are Golden Wheel (Nowman), Tootsie (Yuen) and Kelly (Hodgman).

Hervey Bay Handicap (First Section) "C" Class One and a Quarter Miles

In this mile and a quarter event for "C" Class ponies, 1st Section, punters will have to do a little bit of thinking before they can select the winner. Here is a bunch of ponies more used to sprint race than a long distance. I recommend Rose Emme to win, with Crown Witness and Flying Wheel for the minor posts. National Congress will also not be far off.

Killara Handicap (First Section) "B" Class One Mile

This is the best mile race of the afternoon, as it composed of "B" Class ponies, 1st Section. A ding-dong battle is sure to be seen. VJ Day, having just been demoted from "A" Class is sure to have a say, and a win is not unlikely. Tim is very fond of boring out when turning the bend, otherwise I would tip this pony. Royal Commission with Boycott is not to be ignored as the combination fits very well. Thunderbolt with only 135 lbs to carry and with Yuen in the saddle, is very dangerous and liable to cause the upset. The other starters are Argentine Moon, Elmer, Fifth Alarm, Hurricane, Spanish Onion, White Dragon and Woodong.

Sharks Bay Handicap Six Furlongs

Only four entries have entered in this event for "A" Class ponies, and a very keen tussle should be witnessed.

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Are You Sure?

Answers on Page 10

1. If a barber were to put a shed in your hair he would—Crimp it, cut it all off, curl it, give you a parting?
2. Which two of these towns have railway engines on their coasts of arms—Derby, Crewe, Ashford, Carlisle, Chester, Swindon?
3. The Ashes are kept at—Headingley, Leeds; Parliament House, Canberra; the Long Room, Lord's; Pavilion, Sydney cricket ground?
4. If your skin were touched by this fork you would—



- Collapse in coma; become rigid in every joint?
5. A mordant critic of a scheme would be—Deadly antagonist; decidedly in favour; bitterly sarcastic, sure of failure?
6. Where in the sky would you look for—Sea of Serenity, Ocean of Storms, Lake of Dreams, Gulf of Rainbows?
7. Can you name the authors of—Riceyman Steps, The Thirty-one Steps?
8. Bovine refers to oxen, ovine to—Horses, wolves, sheep, foxes, goats?
9. Cyclops had—One eye; two heads; three legs; four arms?
10. In Antony and Cleopatra, Cleopatra suggests—Rubber of bridge, game of billiards, round of golf, going fishing?

Hand Came Round The Door

Seventy-five-year-old Mrs Ridley, and her daughter, Miss Ridley, aged 52, were listening to the radio at their Weston Green (Surrey) home.

Suddenly a hand came round the sitting-room door and switched out the light.

Two men came into the darkened room. One said, in a foreign accent: "Sit still. It is your money we want."

Mrs Ridley replied: "You are escaped prisoners of war." The men admitted it. Then they searched the room, found £4, and escaped.

Later at a local prisoner-of-war camp, prisoners were paraded before the women, but they were unable to identify any as the two thieves.

THE THREAT OF HUNGER HANGS OVER BRITAIN

by **EARL DE LA WARR**

Formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture

BAD weather is not the main cause of the approaching food crisis. It has merely advanced the date.

For the last two years many of us have been warning the country of the need to insure against temporary world shortages and permanent difficulties through our lack of foreign exchange by growing more food.

The use of the word "crisis" is misleading. It suggests we are dealing with temporary factors and that if we can only beg or borrow our way through the next year or so everything may come right.

This is just not so. Some of the shortages may or may not be temporary, but the dollar shortage is with us for many a long year.

This is not a crisis. It is a long-term problem, and, until we realise that it is as urgent for us to increase food production as it is to increase coal and exports, we shall never tackle the situation realistically.

Yet what do we find is the position?

1948 TARGET

Reduction in tillage

The June 1946 returns, long before the bad winter and before the bad harvest last year, showed a reduction of 1,250,000 acres of ploughed land since the peak war year; cattle were about the same, pigs were down from 4,000,000 in 1939 to 1,800,000 in 1946, and have since dropped by another 340,000; poultry were down by many millions between 1939 and 1946, and last year's cut in feeding stuffs has accounted for another 2,000,000 or so; sheep were down by about 8,000,000.

The Minister of Agriculture has announced his targets for 1948.

He envisages a further reduction in our total tillage acreage, including wheat, oats, sugar beet and potatoes, with a certain emphasis on a switch over to the production of the more expensive foods (and therefore better savers of exchange), such as eggs, bacon, lard and so on.

This, however, is of only limited value without a firm guarantee of feeding stuffs. It is no use breeding more stock that have to be destroyed.

On top of all this comes the autumn and winter weather. The losses are enormous.

If we take the autumn wheat that was not sown because of the late season, the destruction of autumn wheat due to the ice, snow and floods of the last few weeks, and the acreage of spring corn that cannot be sown, the estimate that has been given of one million acres of grain lost in one way or another, equalling nearly one million tons, may not be a great exaggeration.

LOSSES

In sheep and lambs

The losses of sheep and lambs have been put by some at 1,370,000 and by others at 3,000,000. In any event many of that grand community of hill farmers will be wiped out.

Their losses must be reckoned not only in numbers but in terms of the generations that it takes to acclimatise a flock of sheep to the special conditions of a particular hill.

Losses of potatoes in their clamps, some of them precious seed for next year's crop, and of other vegetables have also to be taken into account.

The loss of condition in cattle and the using up of hay and other feeding stuffs at a time of year when cattle should be going out to grass are other large factors.

Finally there are the losses on the Continent of Europe which will certainly mean further large claims against the available world supplies.

It is indeed a depressing picture, presenting visions of even greater demands on our foreign exchange than the £725 millions envisaged in the Government's Economic Survey for 1947, and with the very real possibility of actual hunger facing us.

NOT AFRAID

But action wanted

It may reassure some to be told by Mr. Strachey that he is not afraid of a food crisis, but the country does not need reassurance on this point any more than it needed Mr. Shinwell's assurances about coal last year.

It is quite sufficiently complacent already, and it needs rather to be shaken into action.

More food must and can be grown at home. The White Paper, just published, prepared by Mr. Hudson and Lord Llewellyn when they were Ministers of Agriculture and of Food in 1944, put our possible increase at not less than £150 millions' worth.

The farmers and farm workers did a great job in the war, and with the proper lead and support they will do it again.

But there must be first an entirely new drive and sense of urgency imported into our agricultural programme. We must be given definite targets, high targets that include a large acreage of feeding stuffs grown at home, so that we shall not have to depend on unreliable and expensive imports to keep our stock alive.

There must be houses for the British labour we all want on our farms. The 20,000 prefabs promised for agriculture are a good start, but they are not enough.

MORE WORKERS

Replace prisoners

Until there is enough British labour, supplies of foreign labour must be ensured. Most of the 130,000 prisoners of war will soon be leaving us, and the Women's Land Army is a third of its wartime strength.

These losses must be replaced and additional labour made available if production is to be increased.

The export of machinery must stop until our own farmers' demands are satisfied. Tractors, combines, binders and other necessary machines are all being exported, £4½ millions' worth in all during last year, while farmers and their men are held up for lack of machinery.

Finally, we cannot grow crops without fertilisers—all the more in that we worked the land so hard during six years of war. But above all we need the lead, the drive and a sense of urgency from H.M.G.

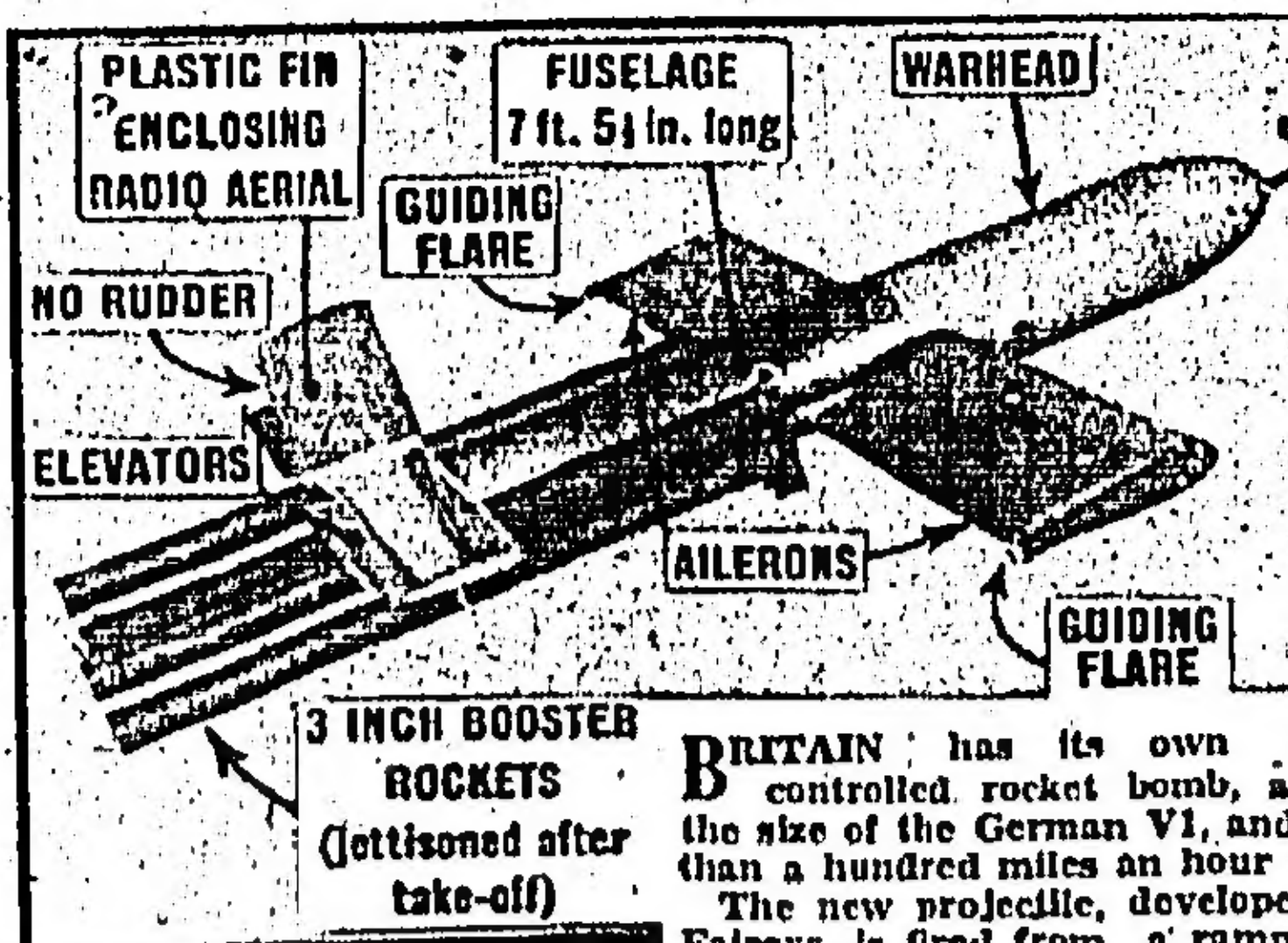
If our people are to be fed the Government must recreate the wartime spirit of emergency, because the threat of hunger is an emergency. No appeals, no requests and no orders will be resisted by the farming community if it is convinced that the safety of the country depends on its efforts.

Nothing but the continued lack of knowledge of what is required of them and of the tools for the job will stop them.

Unless decisions are taken and the tools are supplied at least by May or June, there cannot be a maximum increased effort this autumn, and yet another 12 months will be lost in the battle for food.

THE 500 m.p.h. STOOGIE

Radio bomb is rocket-boosted



BRITAIN has its own radio-controlled rocket bomb, a third the size of the German V1, and more than a hundred miles an hour faster. The new projectile, developed by Fairbairn, is fired from a ramp. Four booster rockets are jettisoned 1.7 seconds after firing, motors take over, and the bomb is then controlled by radio from the ground.

ELEPHANT WILL BE PICCADILLY

London—South of the Thames—is to be reborn. From the chaos of bomb-damaged riverside wharves, of congested roads and tumble-down dwellings, will emerge parks, buildings and amenities to rival the West End.

The Elephant and Castle, traffic bottleneck and congested home of 6,000 people, will be the Piccadilly Circus of South-Eastern London. Twice the present volume of traffic will circulate round its tree-planted centre.

It will take five years to complete—cost £4,000,000.

There will be a new Whitehall between County Hall, Waterloo Station and the river—stately buildings, occupied by Government departments.

Cultural Centre

A National Theatre, overlooking a broad riverside walk and gardens where new wharves and warehouses front the Thames. A Cultural Centre, where the arts and crafts of the country will be taught.

From Westminster Bridge to London Bridge the south bank of the Thames will give light and air to Londoners, who will walk through planned gardens and recreation spaces.

A large modern hotel near Waterloo Station, modern shops and homes, improved transport facilities—all built on lines worthy of the heart of a great capital.

The London County Council will be asked to approve this re-creation of South London. The Council's Town Planning Committee has already prepared the schemes.

If You're Fat It May Mean You're In Love

By ROBERT RICHARDS

A broken heart means a thick stomach, and that's one reason why so many people today are getting fat.

Some frustrated people take poison, or leap from a window, but a great many others simply drown their woes with chocolate sodas.

"We're not referring necessarily to lovers," explained Dr. Robert F. Tyson, a teacher of psychology. "This psychological manifestation may result from almost any type of frustration."

However, Tyson admitted, love certainly is one of the top stumbling blocks in the lives of most mal-adjusted women.

It probably influences quite a few to dip into the pie and toss away the salad.

Psychologists Interested

"Psychologists have been particularly interested in this tendency lately," Tyson said. "It apparently is one of the main reasons why people, both men and women, are overweight."

Tyson said it was difficult to say whether people of the present day were worrying more than they used to, or whether trained observers simply were more aware of it.

"Frustrated people overeat on the theory that if the world isn't treating them right, they'll do the treating themselves," he added.

"Eating is one of our earliest pleasures and it is instinctive for a person—balked in his more adult cravings—to return to the satisfactions that he has known as a child."

Dr. James F. Bender, director of the U.S. National Institute for Human Relations, has a name for practically anything.

Just Bulimia

"That's called bulimia," he said. "and it simply boils down to over-eating to compensate for an emotional deficiency."

Bender said it was his belief that at least 15 percent of fat people were victims of bulimia, "with women being hit the hardest."

"I had a case just recently," he recalled. "A woman patient wanted to lose weight, but she discovered that she just couldn't resist nibbling."

Bender gave her the rorschach test (which consists of looking at ink spots and deciding what they resemble). Questioning revealed her father had died several months before. She was greatly attached to him and, as a result of his death, felt insecure.

"When this was brought to light," Bender said, "she shook it off easily. Now she's not eating much more than I do."—United Press.

"Sentiment" BY KEMP STARRETT



DENMARK'S FAMOUS TUBORG PILSENER —BEER—

Fresh Shipment
Of Quarts Received

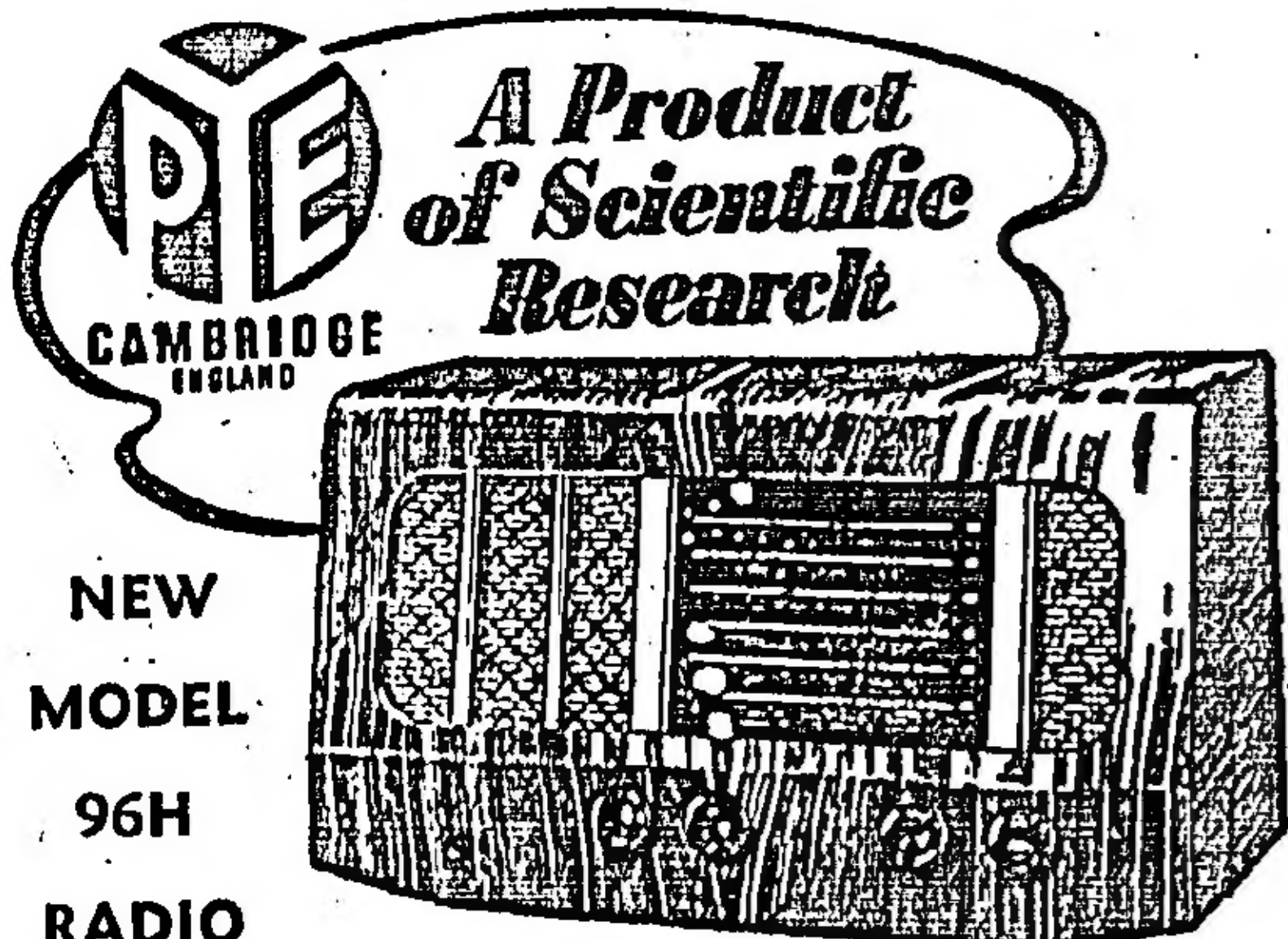
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QE OF AIR TO COMPETE AGAINST JET AIRLINER

When the 130-ton eight-engined Bristol Brabazon I airliner takes the air later this year it will be the subject of two important tests.

One will decide whether the giant landplane is more efficient than several small landplanes. The other will show whether giant passenger aircraft should be landplanes or flying-boats.

Officials of the Ministries of Supply and Civil Aviation will study the findings.

Main purpose of the Brabazon will be to act as a Queen Elizabeth of the air across the Atlantic.

The Brabazon's land opponent will be the De Havilland 108, a jet airliner now being built on the lines of the Swallow lighter, which is probably the fastest aircraft.

The competing flying-boat will be a huge six-engined Saunders-Roe machine, powered with Armstrong Siddeley Python "turbo-prop" engines, the most powerful engines of their type in the world.

The speed of the 100—probably nearly 500 mph—the smooth comfort of its jet engines, and the frequency of services possible with a smaller aircraft, will make it a

GIGGLING WON'T GIVE POISE

(Continued from Page 5)

LET the other person do the talking—until he asks you questions. Then answer simply and to the point.

You may find that through nervousness you're inclined to talk more loudly and faster than usual. Try to check this.

The very fact of speaking in a calm, even voice will give you poise, as well as giving the impression of it.

Now here are a few tips to make you feel at ease in a smart restaurant.

If a table has already been booked, the waiter will lead you to it. In that case the woman goes first, behind the waiter. If the table isn't booked and nobody is guiding you, the man walks first.

Don't be worried if the menu is in French, and don't pretend you understand it when you don't. Menu French baffles even people who speak the language. The waiter won't think it at all odd if you ask him to explain.

As for elaborate cutlery—don't let that worry you. The rule is "work from the outside inwards." More in this subject next Saturday.

HE TICKS LIKE A WATCH

That ticking heard around Sankey Flynn of Greensboro, North Carolina, isn't his watch. It's just Sankey.

Flynn has one of the world's three known cases of objective trinititis aurium. More simply, he ticks. You can hear him three feet away.

Flynn, 29, isn't bothered by the constant uproar in his head. Until he was 19 years old, he thought everyone else ticked, too.

Dr. Hugo C. Wolfe, specialist, said after several weeks' examination that the noise came from the spasmodic contraction of muscles in the roof of Flynn's mouth, which constantly snapped the eustachian tube to his ears open and shut.

Dog Nose-Printed

Something new in identification data has been added at the Galveston, Texas, police headquarters—a dog's "nose-print."

Miss Doris Mace asked police to noseprint her pedigree cocker spaniel after three attempts were made to steal the pet. A fingerprint card at the local police station bears the following description: "Blond and white, male, with long ears. About 24 inches high and weighs about 30 pounds, name of 'Crackers'."

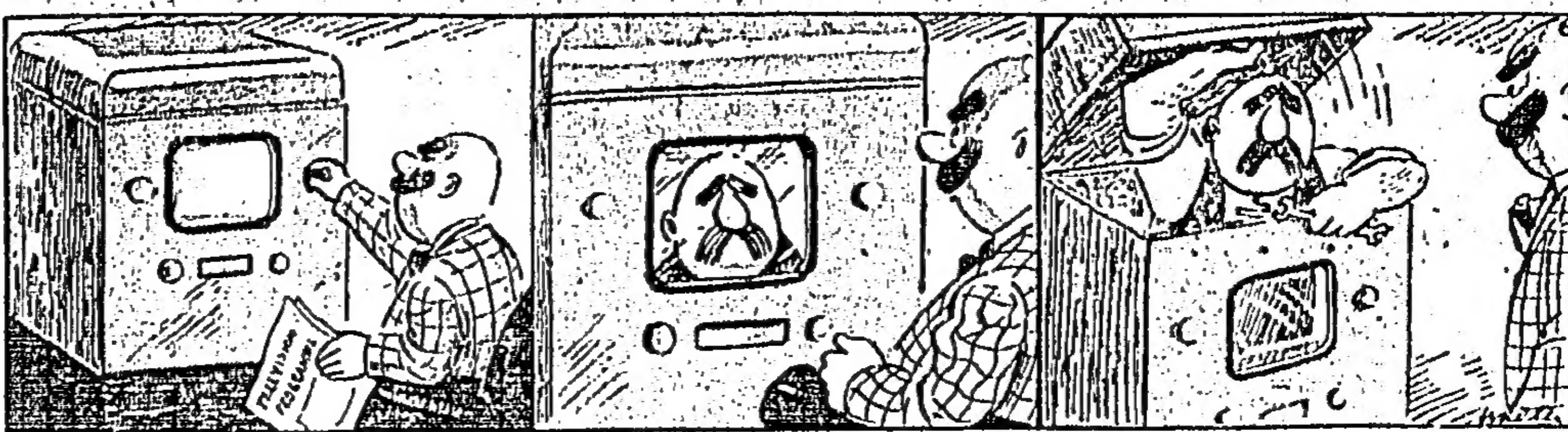
ARE YOU SURE? ANSWERS

Questions on Page 9

1. Give you a parting. 2. Ashford, Swindon. 3. Long Room, Lord's. Neither. Nothing would happen. A snake's venom is not in its forked tongue; but in its fangs. 5. Bitingly sarcastic. 6. At the moon. The names were given by early observers to dark markings on the moon's surface. 7. Arnold Bennett. John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir). 8. Sheep. 9. One eye. 10. Billiards and fishing (Act 2, Scene 5).

DAB & FLOUNDER

by WALTER



THE KING OVER THE BORDER

—By J. A. ATKINSON—

So Spain is to have a king again. He will probably be Juan—King Juan III—a great grandson of Britain's Queen Victoria, sometime midshipman in the British Navy, father of four children, an expert on skis and at climbing mountains. He will go back to the land from which he fled into exile with his father, King Alfonso XIII, in 1931.

And when Franco dies or quits, Juan, or one of his sons, may mount the throne.

When Alfonso was dying in Rome, he said to Juan, "Your Majesty, Spain before all. And remember that kings must suffer to be brave." Juan got his training in bravery in the Royal Navy. As a cadet he boxed well in the training ship Iron Duke. As a midshipman and sub-lieutenant he sailed on deck officers on the cruiser Enterprise and destroyer Winchester. He became a first-class swimmer and tennis player.

"These were the happiest years of my life," he said once. Although he was the third son, he knew that some day he would be king. His eldest brother, Alfonso, always suffered from haemophilia, the bleeding disease which killed him. And Jaime, the second son, suffering from defective hearing and an impediment of speech, renounced his rights to the throne.

1935

JUAN left the Navy in 1935, the year he chose his princess bride—María de las Mercedes Bourbon Siella y Orleans, daughter of an Italian family which had settled in Spain. He is 33. She is 38. Spanish Royalists flocked to the wedding in Rome.

For a year Juan and his princess drifted round the capitals of Europe. Then one summer day, when they were bathing from their yacht on the Riviera in 1936, the radio told them that Franco had landed with his

troops in Cadiz and plunged Spain into civil war. Juan thought the throne would be his. He flew to Franco and pleaded to be allowed to join his army.

But Franco said no. "Take me in your navy, then," begged Juan.

Franco smiled and ended the argument with words which were to come true. "If Spain has a king again, he must come as peacemaker, not conqueror." Franco plotted to be dictator himself. He wanted no ambitious prince around as a potential rival. Supporters of the monarchy were imprisoned. The lucky ones fled. Juan went back to France. He used discreet words. He said: "A new State has been born in Spain. It recedes the false liberal and democratic ideas which have poisoned the nation's soul. I protest against the injustice and sweep to see myself refused the honour of freeing my country."

1941

HE settled to watch events from the high snow slopes of the Swiss Alps.

His father died in 1941—in a Rome hotel and monarchist support concentrated on Juan. To his snug little town villa—The Rockery—in snobbish Swiss Lausanne came the outlawed men who backed him. Together they plotted.

At an hotel a few yards round the corner they organised a shadow government—an army of officials who kept in touch with supporters in Spain by an underground known only to Juan and a few of his closest friends.

But Juan also found time to study. He wore corduroy or grey flannel trousers and went by bus or in a workmen's train to lectures in international law, languages and economics, at the University of Geneva.

THESE YOUNGSTERS HAD BOOKS PUBLISHED

Thousands of boys and girls in Britain produce essays and drawings every week as part of their school work. They use their talent for writing by producing stories and poems for school magazines, and for art by painting scenery for school plays, or decorating their classrooms or making picture cards to send to their friends.

And there are examples, too, of children developing literary and art talents at an early age and making a commercial success of it in the open market against professional authors. One of the most borrowed books in the lending libraries is called "The

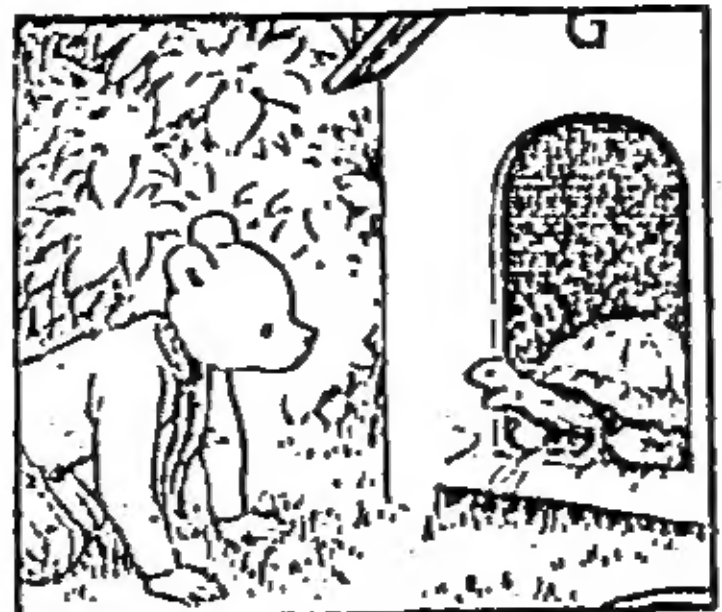
Young Visitors." This was begun when the author, Daisy Ashford, was nine, though it was not published until years later when she was grown up.

Daisy, living quietly in the country, had written a story about society parties, royal receptions and grand hotels and it had come straight out of her imagination. It is said that she poured the words on to paper with the greatest of ease.

Daisy's book was given an introduction by J. M. Barrie, writer of tender, fanciful plays and creator of that great favourite with children, "Peter Pan."

Two schoolgirls in Britain, Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock wrote when aged 15 and 16, "The Island of Onyx," a story of the adventures of a group of children on a farm, and Pamela also drew the illustrations for the book. It was so well liked, being written by children, about children, for children, that a sequel was called for, which she had spirited drawings by Pamela.

Rupert & the New Pat—51



"George, the tortoise, clatters very slowly into his little house and then turns to say 'Goodbye.' 'If you have found your outing so wonderful we must go again,' smiles Rupert. 'There's more to be seen outside your garden. I'll call again for you to-morrow.' George gives a deep yawn. 'No,' he says. 'I'm laid for my sleep as it is. Don't come to-morrow. Come again next March.' And he turns and burrows into his straw, leaving Rupert wondering what he means."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

So that they should not get slack, say the young authors, they took a vow when producing their first book that they would cut off all their hair on a certain day if the book was not finished. Of course, it was.

Another young author, Susan Gladstone, wrote and illustrated her first book in four months when she was 12, and is now writing and illustrating another.

One of the most celebrated child authors in Britain—little Marjorie Fleming—lived to be only nine. She is remembered for the life of children a century ago and how they were brought up on moral maxims, which she frequently quotes.

Marjorie shows remarkable powers of observation, and a deep love of nature. She was a friend of Walter Scott, the novelist, who called her "Pet Marjorie" and admired her writing, which she began when she was only six.

He studied hard, romped with his children—two boys and two girls aged six to 11—and only once did he speak publicly of the war which was shaping his destiny.

As the British Army swept Rome's Afrika Korps into the sea, Juan said: "Recent events force one to reflect seriously."

He grew bolder with each Allied success and called on Franco "to leave the way open for restoration of the monarchy."

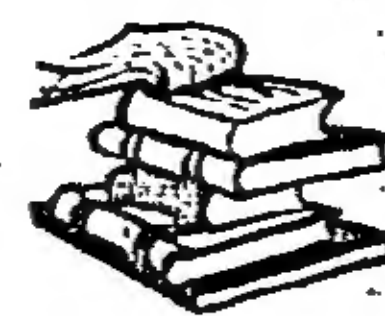
But nothing happened until late 1944, when Franco put out cautious feelers. Would Juan consider a meeting?

Growing wiser as the Axis grew weaker, Juan sent back word: "I cannot identify myself with the totalitarian policies of the Falangists" (Franco's Fascists).

So Franco sat tight. And Juan went on with his studies. The plot in the little villa in Lausanne grew hotter.

1946

THE scene switches to Lisbon, February 1946. Juan has flown in for talks with Franco's brother Nicholas, Spanish Ambassador to Portugal. It is now his turn to dictate the terms on which he will mount the throne. He says: "I will never accept a plebiscite in favour of my return. If it is held under Francoist influence."



What do you know about PENICILLIN?

HERE is a story which most people know in a general way. The discovery of penicillin. But nobody can realise its full fascination until the extraordinary narrative is presented in sufficient detail to make the nature of each phase of the problem plain to the layman.

This service David Masters performs in *Miracle Drug* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.). For once the adjective is justified.

It is like a story of successive attempts by pertinacious Alpinists to climb some unscalped peak—a peak which, in fact, is so constantly wrapped in cloud that, for a long time, it is doubtful whether it exists or not!

Time and time again the climbers are driven back. Years pass between one attempt and its successor. Ten years elapse from the moment Fleming sees the curious mould and the time when China's eyes fall on Fleming's account of his observations in an old file of the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*.

The interval had not, of course, been devoid of incident. First came Fleming's own assault on the mystery, his attempt to wring from the mould the essential substance which microbes hated so much. He failed. In fact, he ended by boring his colleagues with his enthusiasm. But he made a culture which preserved the strain of the original mould. Doing so, he passed on the torch to other seekers.

The next stage in operations was conducted by Professor Rastick. He was a chemist, as Fleming was a bacteriologist. He too was baffled.

Lovell, a bacteriologist who collaborated with him, thought of carrying out an experiment on mice infected with pneumococcus. Instead, he went to another post. Had he perished the world might have had penicillin ten years earlier.

Then Dr. Paine, in Sheffield, had some success in using a penicillin filtrate on human beings. But the drug was too variable. He did not persist. Today, his chagrin is immense.

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

America now took up the challenge. In Pennsylvania, Dr. Reid came upon Fleming's paper and sent for Fleming's culture. He too failed to isolate the elusive substance.

Years passed. Then one day, Florey, a biologist from Australia, and Chain, a chemist with a German degree, were brought together in Oxford. There, on the shelves of the Radcliffe Science Library, was a copy of Fleming's paper, of which Chain had never heard until he came upon it in the course of systematic reading. What was more, Oxford had a culture of Fleming's mould. Nobody knew how it had come there.

A few weeks before Hitler's war began, Florey and Chain launched their experiments. The decisive attack on the mystery was conducted against the background of total war. The critical night for the investigation was also, for a very different reason, a critical night for Britain. Healey, a young member of the team of scientists, alone late at night in the laboratory, saw four white mice which should have been dead, but were not. The Miracle had happened. As he cycled home, he elated, he was challenged by the Home Guard and asked to give an account of himself.

But, though there are many heroes in this drama, there can be no doubt who is the master playwright—Chance. At every stage, luck, good or bad, has been decisive.

Jests And Jeers

Our political correspondent writes:—Peace is raging throughout the world.

A man is known by the company he keeps. Nobody knows he's keeping.

"Japan's Iron Curtain," says a headline. Isn't it a bit heavy for those matchwood houses?

"Your hair needs cutting badly, sir," said the barber.

"No, it doesn't," growled the customer. "It wants cutting well. You cut it badly last time."



So far, the Bhong of Wong hasn't said anything about the Burma situation.

It was obvious Rita Hayworth wanted to be alone. Didn't she leave her husband, Orson Welles, in America when she sailed for Europe? Or does that indicate anything in Paris?

Said the moth as he met his friend in the closet: "Isn't it good to be back in civilian clothes again?"

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Solution to yesterday's crossword:

Across:—1 and 6 Down, Peterloo Massacre; 7, Lax; 8, Pappus; 10, Carp; 11, Anaxas; 12, Undercurve; 14, Lale; 15, Arena; 16, Ill; 20, Pie; 21, Type; 22, Rechaüter; 23, Grandsons.

Down:—1, Peculiar; 2, Eian; 3, Tardily; 4, Exact; 5, Gust; 6, See; 7, Across; 8, Par; 9, Post; 13, Crumber; 15, Alter; 17, Nib; 19, Read; 20, Trio.

LIBRARY LIST

Journey to Red China. Robert Payne. (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) Travel, with descriptive writing by one who journeyed through the Communist areas of China and believes that a vital force is being created and a new China which will reshape the country in a new image. Profound sympathy and a precise choice of language set the book high above ordinary reporting.

Hugh Dornier's Diaries. (Cape, 5s. 6d.) War. A young officer of the Irish Guards who parachuted into France on a special mission. He was killed during the Normandy invasion. His diary is a record of a young man's faith during a crisis in human history.

Curry My Back. Rebecca Vanece Williams. (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) Autobiography. witty and gay, an introduction to an American family full of rich and eccentric characters. This atmosphere of a remembered and charmingly caught and transmitted.

NANCY And Good Riddance!

By Ernie Bushmiller



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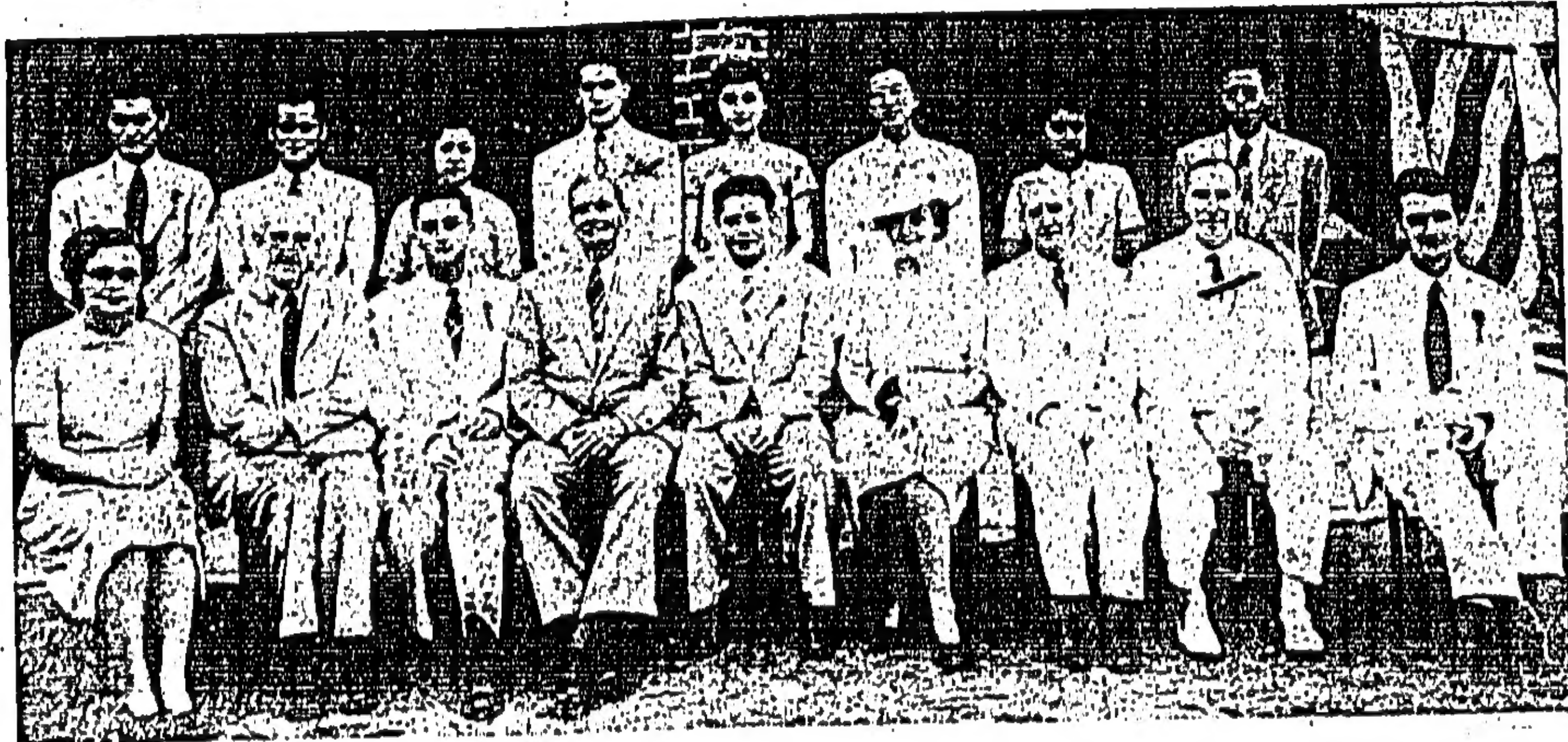
On Sale at All Dispensaries



TELEGRAPH



FAREWELL TO GOVERNOR—His Excellency the Governor, Sir Mark Young, and Lady Young, were guests of honour at a public farewell dinner given in the Hongkong Hotel on Wednesday. Picture above shows the Hon Mr A. Morso, speaking during the dinner. At left are some of those who attended the dinner. (Photos: Francis Wu and Ming Yuen).



MR HSU SHIH-YING (fifth from left), newly appointed head of the Tibetan and Mongolian Affairs Commission, photographed before his departure for Nanking with General Lo Cho-ying, chairman of the Kwangtung Provincial Government (third from left), General Chang Fah-kwei, Director of the President's Headquarters, Canton, (fourth from right), and other officials in Canton.

COMMITTEE of the Hongkong University Students' Society photographed with His Excellency the Governor and Lady Young on Tuesday at a farewell gathering. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



MR CHIN-SAN LONG, eminent Chinese photographer, is at present in Hongkong on a short visit. An exhibition of some of his best prints is being held at St John's Cathedral Hall today, Monday and Tuesday. (Photo: Francis Wu)



CHRISTENING—Photograph taken after the christening of Anthea Lesley, daughter of Mr and Mrs James Norman, at St John's Cathedral last week. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



KOWLOON WEDDING—Group taken after the wedding at St Teresa's Church, last Saturday of Mr and Mrs Jose Maria Rozario. (Photo: Mee Cheung)

NEWSREEL



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DENIS BOYD, Commander-in-chief, British Pacific Fleet, photographed during a recent inspection of 40 Royal Marine Commandos at Taiham Camp, Castle Peak, prior to the departure of 3 Commando Brigade for Malta. (Photo: Mainland Studio)



MR ROBERT STANLEY RUSSELL and his bride, Miss Margarita Vassilicova, who were married last week. (Photo: Francis Wu)



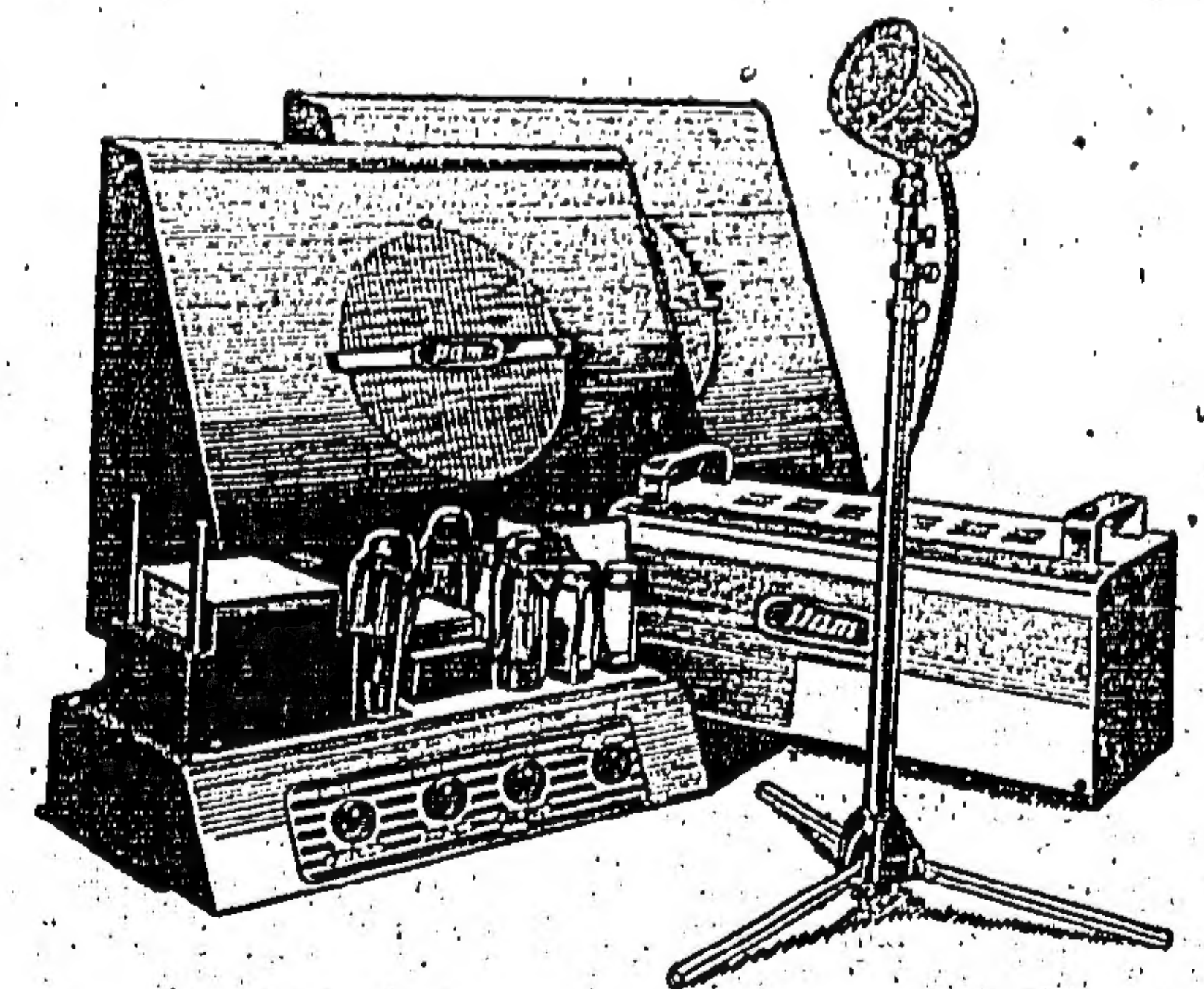
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| Lee Kung Man Knitting Factory | 50.00 |
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| Mr and Mrs A. McAlpine | 50.00 |
| Staff and Pupils Ying Wah College | 477.75 |
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| Wong Chuk Heung | \$10.00 |
| Students of the H. K. Hawkers Association Benevolent Fund | 14.00 |
| Per Ho Fook | 403.00 |
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| (13th Instalment) Church of O.L. of Lourdes (Pakfulun) | 62.00 |
| Church of the Precious Blood (Shamshuipo) | 10.20 |
| F. J. and H. E. Ltd. | 50.00 |
| Dunlop Rubber Co. (China) Ltd. | 250.00 |
| "Strawberry Blonde" | 130.00 |
| | \$217,308.35 |

Donations should be addressed to the General Manager, South China Morning Post, Morning Post Building, Hongkong. Cheques should be made out to "British Flood Relief Fund." For the purpose of acknowledgment will donors kindly indicate their names in Block Letters.

GLOUCESTER TO VISIT GERMANY

Berlin, May 10. The Duke of Gloucester is to visit units of the British army of which he is Colonel-in-Chief in Germany. It was announced in Berlin yesterday.

The Duke will arrive at Bielefeld on May 15 and stay four days in Germany. He will visit the 1st Rifle Brigade and 1st Gordon Highlanders and the 10th Hussars. He will also attend the BAOR horse show at Lüneburg.—Associated Press

TO ANZACS

A Return Cocktail Party to Cathay Pacific Airways Mess will be held at the Officers' Mess, 2 Buffs, Murray Barracks (Queen's Road entrance) on Monday, May 12 from 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

NOTICE

Advertisers are requested to note that no advertisements (with the exception of urgent notices) will be accepted between the hours of 12.30 noon Saturdays, and 9 a.m. on Mondays.

From and including Mondays to Fridays, copy for the following day must be submitted not later than 4 p.m.

S. C. M. POST,
H.K. TELEGRAPH.

Up-To-The-Minute International Sports News:

VON NIDA'S SECOND TRIUMPH

Southport, May 9. Norman von Nida, Australian professional golfer, won his second consecutive tournament in three weeks when, on the 18th course today, he won a magnificent last round of 70 gave him the first prize in the Dunlop-Southport £2,000 professional tournament, with an aggregate of 285 for 72 holes.

Recently on Nida won the big event at Richmond, Surrey, and his victory today brings his winnings to £2,500 inside three weeks.

His rounds in this tournament were 70, 72, 73 and 70 for a total of 285.

C. H. Ward, of Little Aston, with rounds of 72, 73, 73, 72 for a total of 290, was second, J. Jowle, of Lees Hall, with 75, 73, 72 and 71 for 291 was third.

Von Nida held a two-stroke lead when the third round started this morning but Reg. Whitcombe, former British Open champion, with a round of 69—only nine to break the 70 on the course this week—tied with him, with one round to go. Whitcombe could only return a final round of 70, however, and shared the fourth place with Norman Sutton, of Leigh, each with an aggregate of 293.—Reuter.

WALKER CUP ASPIRANTS

St Andrews, May 9. Four British golfers, including one Irishman, today appeared as "walk-in" choices for Britain's Walker Cup team to meet the United States next weekend.

On the basis of recent form the probable choices are Gerald Micklem, new English amateur champion; Charles Stowe, 1938 Walker Cupper and runner-up to Micklem in amateur; Leonard Crawley, lowest scorer of the young season; and Joe Carr, Irish open champ.

Britain's selection committee will announce its final choices after the trials which end on Saturday. Meanwhile, 27 finalists competed for places on the ten-man team.

The fifth strong choice to gain a Walker Cup spot was 17-year-old Arthur Perowne, son of a Norwich butcher, who is creating a difficult problem for the selectors. He carded a 75 today outshooting older opponents and winning with seven over the Irishman, James Burke, and five over H. G. Bentley.

If selected, Perowne will be unique in the British golfing history because of his tender youth. But some selectors reportedly feel that, despite

The match, which is to mark the re-entry of the four Home associations into the International Federation, is unique in the history of soccer.

Two vastly contrasting styles will be in evidence and the issue depends on whether the European dash and speed can counter the craft of the British players.

A lot, too, will depend on the ability of the players in the respective teams settling down and understanding one another's technique. While speculation on the result is rife, mass opinion seems to favour a win for the British team. The European side enters the battle more hopeful than confident, but they will do their best to uphold the prestige of Continental football.

Good though the Continental players are none can measure up to the brilliance of the British forwards, Lawton, Mannion and Matthews, and Swift in goal, while the British wing halves, Macaulay and Burgess, have the ability to dominate the mid-field.

DEFENSIVE GAME

However, it is understood that the Continentals play a defensive game, with centre-half Parola adopting a stopper role against Tom Lawton. Matthews is their big problem, but they think that they have evolved a plan to subdue him.—Reuter.

JUBILEE HANDICAP

London, May 9. Five French horses will provide a strong challenge tomorrow in the great Jubilee Handicap—one of Britain's richest races with £3,000 added money at Kempton Park.

One of the most feared of the cross channel entries is Epider Vis, owned by F. Hellas. This five year old was second to the French bred Philodophe II now owned by Englishman P. G. Thompson in the Roseberry stakes. On Saturday, however, he meets Philadelphia on 10 pounds better terms and is a persistent tip.

Archille II, carrying the colours of Comte de Salverte and H. Bernard Hankeys Roi de Tour, are expected to be contesting for places at the end of the one and a quarter mile.

The other French horse is M. Fournier's Fast Horse. There are 20 probable starters, including the English entry Triona, who has been first in his last three outings.—Associated Press.

Ronnie Holmes Goes On Leave

Mr D. R. ("Ronnie") Holmes, Deputy Clerk of Council, accompanied by his wife and infant, will for home on furlough this week aboard the Calchas.

Mr Holmes will remain in England for a little more than a year. After taking his leave he will go to the university for a special course of study.

During the war, Mr Holmes served with the BAAG during which time he gained both the MC and the MBE for distinguished services in the field.

He served with the British Military Administration as a senior staff officer attached to the Directorate, holding the rank of Major. His administrative work during the past 18 months has been outstanding.



his impressive form, his luck of competitive experience may make him crack against the Americans.

In other trial matches today Stowe finished three up and Flight Lieutenant Sam McGready was two up over 40 year-old, 220 lbs. James Hollwell of Lancashire. The best score of the day was 74 posted by a Scotsman, James Wilson.

Micklem was two up on the Scotsman, F. G. Dewar, and Carr finished even with Ken Thom, Henry Colton's pupil. Crawley around in 75 went one up over both Thom and Carr.

Cecil Ewing, former British international, shooting 75 was two up on Alex Kyle, former British champion, who won the last Walker Cup match and the only British triumph in the session on the 14th green here nine years ago.—United Press.

BRITAIN'S SOCCER TASK

Glasgow, May 9. Eleven of Britain's most talented footballers are charged with the task of maintaining her soccer prestige at Hampden Park here tomorrow when the "stars" of nine countries, representing the Rest of Europe, oppose Great Britain in what has been hailed by many as the "match of the century."

CONSCRIPTION BILL

Report Stage Not Completed

London, May 9. The report stage of the Government's controversial conscription bill, which has kept the House of Commons busy for four days, was still not completed when the House rose tonight for the week-end.

Mr Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, stated when the House met that he hoped debate on the clauses of the bill would be finished tonight, but the motion for adjournment cut short a discussion on an Opposition amendment to bring deserters and absentees from the British armed forces into line with the provisions of the bill.

The House rejected one by one the amendments to get deferments for farm workers, cotton textile workers, men employed in the coal machinery industry and full-time fishermen on the grounds that these men were essential to the national economy.

The Government spokesman emphasised that the bill, as it stood, allowed a good deal of leniency in matter of deferments, which were a matter for administration rather than legislation.—Reuter.

Congress Passes Aid Bill

Washington, May 10. The precedent-shattering \$100,000,000 United States loan to Greece and Turkey against Communist domination was passed in the House by 287 votes to 107.

On the final roll call 127 republicans and 160 Democrats voted for the bill. Against the measure were 93 Republicans, 13 Democrats and one American Labourite.—Associated Press.

Arab Prisoners Surrender

Jerusalem, May 9. Four of the 167 Arabs who escaped from Acre prison on Sunday gave themselves up tonight after the Palestine Government had offered not to prosecute those who surrendered by May 10.

The Government statement added that after May 16 the escaped Arab and Jewish prisoners still at large would be treated as absconded offenders.

The Government of Palestine said that this offer was being made because many of the prisoners, who left the prison when it was being attacked, did so from fear of injury by explosives or fire rather than any intention to "escape"—Reuter.

U.S. RATIFIES TREATY

Washington, May 9. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee today unanimously recommended ratification of the peace treaties with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary.—United Press.

Second Trip To Electric Chair

St. Martinsville, Louisiana, May 9. Eighteen-year-old Willie Francis was jolted to death at 12 minutes past noon today in the same electric chair which, little more than a year ago, only tickled him.

The negro youth, who turned to religion after killing a druggist in a robbery that netted him four dollars and a watch, got his wish—that the chair perform its duty this time. He wanted to escape into Heaven from the "hell on earth" that had been a succession of unsuccessful appeals for reversal of his execution order.—United Press.



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AUSTRIA'S OIL WELLS CRUCIAL WORLD PROBLEM

Vienna, May 9. Austria's oil wells north of Vienna at Zisterdorf have become a crucial world problem as a result of the occupation of the country by the Big Four Powers.

Albrecht Brunnbauer and British Col. Richard van Sickle are the principal owners of the oil wells which had a maximum annual production of 1,200,000 tons before inadequate maintenance by the Russians reduced this figure.

In 1930, before the advent of Nazism, four firms, financed by British, American, Swiss, Dutch and Austrian capital, maintained the operations. The Germans forcibly purchased, and, in one case, looted a large portion of the shares and took over production.

While the Russians thus far have refused to enter any negotiations to turn over the wells to the legal owners, either wholly or in part, the Austrian Government has made strenuous efforts to have the wells operated under the nationalisation laws, which would give Austria about 60 per cent of the current oil production from taxes alone.

Austrian Government and Allied officials indicated that the Russians took a benevolent view of the Austrian claims, but have postponed any decision until after the conclusion of the Austrian peace treaty.

Little Hope Of Return

M. Brunnbauer told United Press he had little hope that the Russians will ever return Zisterdorf to the proper owners. M. Brunnbauer struck oil at Zisterdorf for the first time in 1932. He called in Col. van Sickle, a well-known oil expert with experience mainly in Rumania, to finance a large project which first began paying in 1937.

Col. van Sickle, who legally owns more than 55 per cent of all the Zisterdorf shares, estimated the

value of the wells much higher than M. Brunnbauer. He is still not allowed by the Russians to visit his property.

Both M. Brunnbauer and Col. van Sickle emphasised that the Russians have so far failed completely to pay any legal owner for the oil produced at Zisterdorf, while for some time the owners had to pay the salaries of the workers. It was understood by both men and also Government officials that the Russians were exporting most of the crude oil to Czechoslovakia.

Both oilmen said there was every chance of success for the oil diggings being conducted by the Russians near the Yugo-Slav border in the southern part of the Soviet zone.

M. Brunnbauer emphasised that Dr. Friedl, Austria's top geologist who is working for the Russians in this area, had indicated repeatedly that these future oil wells will be far out-value those at Zisterdorf.

M. Brunnbauer was invited by Swiss oil companies to visit Switzerland, he revealed, but was refused an exit permit by the Russians. He also announced that he had been summoned by the Director-General of the projected Russo-Austrian oil company to exploit Zisterdorf in 1945 and again in 1946 but that he had refused, on grounds which he did not reveal.—United Press.

Printed and published by Frederick Percy Franklin for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong.

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Thursday 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting.
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